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HIGH TIMES

VOLUME II 1977-78

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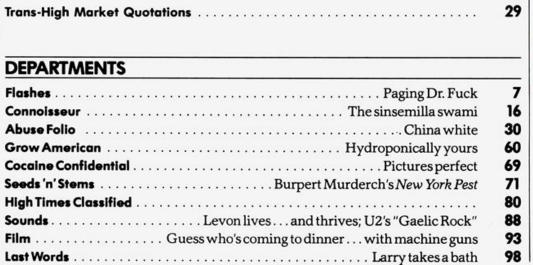
No. 83 July '82

EE ATI IDEC



Cover photo by Mick Rock

real ones	
Interview: Sting Speaks by Liz Derringer Sure, he has one of the hottest voices in rock 'n' roll, writes some of the best songs around and practically single-handedly made the Police into a platinum-selling, bona fide supergroup—but wait'll you hear him get down on Cartesian methodology.	32
Dogfight! by Ike Abbott Man's best friend. Best fiend's more like it. At least when referring to the American pit bull terrier, whose jaws can apply over 2,000 pounds of pressure per square inch and whose teeth can cut through steel-reinforced concrete. HIGH TIMES takes you behind the scenes of our country's most vicious blood sport.	44
"R."'s Fourth Annual Connoisseur Awards Well, it's that time of year again, when growers from Maui to Maine suck back a hit of their best and anxiously await the presentation of the coveted "Herbies." (This year's international winner is presented in a luscious Centerfold layout.) As in the past, your master of ceremonies for the evening is none other than that ol' Brahminical Budmeister himself, "R."	48
Black Sheep on Dope by James Kusnir "We're looking for just a few good men," the marines are fond of saying. Well, then, how do they account for Crabby, the hillbilly, Buster and the Kube Kommander, who aren't so much "good" as they are, oh, let's say, twisted, pathological and brutally drug crazed. A story about the day the moonmen landed at the Marine Corps Air Station in Santa Ana, California	55
HIGHWITNESS NEWS	



U.S. Military Invades South Florida: Another Vietnam... Waikiki Mob Muscles In on Kauai *Pakalolo* Biz... Political Infighting over Belushi's Death ... Feds Find Hepatitic Quaaludes... 7-Up's Caffeine Scare... Smugglers

Stage Breakneck Getaway.....



Vertical Smiles and Cum-Soaked Aisles by Candida Royalle Inch by turgid inch, Candida Royalle snaked her way up the greasy pole of the X-rated film industry. Now the star of October Silk, Delicious and Pizza Girls (after viewing Candida's performance in Pizza Girls, a New York critic was moved to note that there wasn't a dry fly in the house) has decided to hang up her knee pads and write her memoirs. Guess who's publishing them.



19

The Mysteries of "Thai Stick" Revealed by Dean Latimer
Our Sordid Affairs Editor's detailed apologia for the higher-priced head may get some readers hopping mad, 'cause true, the cheap lush hasn't paid for a joint since the Summer of Love, but you're all gonna have to admit he's got a point.

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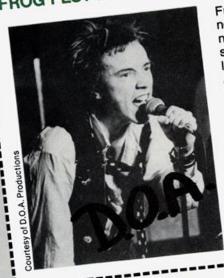
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FROG FEST HONORS HIGH TIMES FILM



From Paris, France, comes the good news that HIGH TIMES was the big winner of the Second International Musical Film Festival. The judges not only awarded the Grand Prix to DOA: A Right of Passage, a film produced by HIGH TIMES and directed by Lech Kowalski which chronicles the Sex Pistols' 1978 U.S. tour, but also named Johnny Rotten as meilleur acteur (Frenchy for "best actor"). Rotten himself hasn't seen the film, but friends say that since being named best actor he's begun to express a mild interest in it. If you haven't seen it, DOA will be playing this summer in specially selected theaters throughout the country.



GO FUCK A LLAMA

Pulsallama is the sound of girlslaughing, shouting, chanting, teasing, screaming girls—who are as hip and as hot as only girls can be when they're alone together. "What's my name?/Pulsallama/lf you don't like it,/go fuck a llama," exult the four front-line demoiselles as the back six pound out B-movie jungle-type rhythms on a flock of percussion instruments. They stomp around the stage in outrageous costumes—this one's cute, that one's sexy, the one with the bongos has a degree from the Sorbonne—generating the hysteria and glee of a runaway pajama party. "The devil lives in my husband's body," howls one 'Llama and all the rest wall and moan in Attic sympathy. These girls are wild. Currently gigging about the New York area, the band has just been signed by Y records, a British label, and will be distributed by Stiff here in the States.





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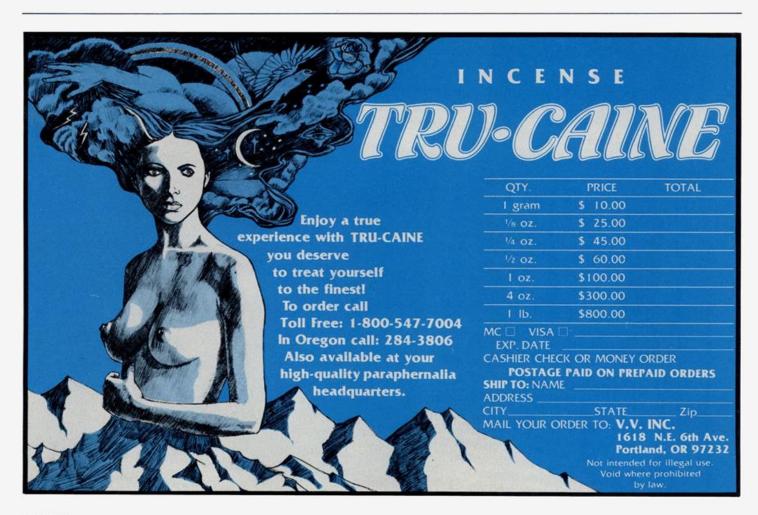
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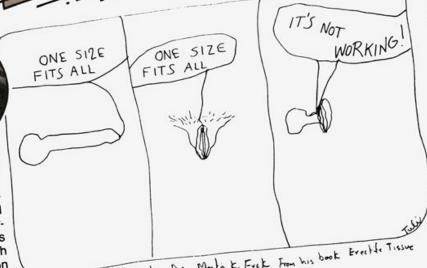
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ASK DR. FUCK

We are pleased to announce the return to these pages of Dr. Martin K. Fuck. Dr. Fuck was forced to absent himself from HIGH TIMES for a pe-

ration for the release of his latest book, Erecriod of months, in prepatile Tissue in Preliterate Civilizations and Guys with Big Wangers. We also wish to congratulate Dr. Fuck on his recent appointment as General Director and Chief Medical Examiner of Camp Labia Menorah, a yearround facility which inculcates young girls with the holy rites and rituals of Jewish womanhood, and meets in his apartment on 23rd Street.



An Original Control by Dr. Martin K. Frek From his book Errectle Tissue

My fiancée, a vivacious and successful architect of 33, with a Madison Avenue practice and a Sutton Place penthouse (drives a Mercedes and loves Plato and fine wines, etc.), has a very annoying habit.

Whenever we go to a fancy restaurant, say Delmonico's or Top O' the Tower, at the end of the meal she'll delicately pick a booger from her petite retroussé nose and eat it. She always tosses off some bright remark such as "Excellent dessert here," or "Easy come, easy go," etc.

Is this normal?

If you, as I do, definitely think it uncalled for, is there some suggestion you can make? -Per Plexed

This is a not uncommon practice among old (male), nervous lawyers. But I have never heard of it in young, vivacious women architects and I do think it is uncalled for (and disgusting).

Try buying her a monogrammed gold lamé Gucci handkerchief and let her pick it onto that after the coffee.

Then she can eat it in the privacy of her own home.

At any rate, there's no need for you to get so fucking upset about it. It is, after all, just another victimless crime. Christ, with all the crime in the streets these days I got better things to do than answer these nerdlike questions from dumb pricks like you, you booger. So just FUCK OFF.

What brand of tissue do you recommend for cleaning up the mess after you jerk off? There are so many on the market that it's hard to tell which one to purchase! -SPU

Unless you masturbate more than Dear SPU: five times per diem, I have to "stick" with Kleenex. "On the other hand" (if budgetary considerations are imperative), I can also strongly recommend A&P's "Basic" brand. Although it is smaller and somewhat rougher to the touch (and not quite as strong), it is still the best scum scooper for the continued on page 10 money.

GREAT MOMENTS IN DEALING HISTORY

Many of the smuggling techniques being used by today's marijuana contrabandistas were pioneered by a small band of renegade Dutch hide movers operating in and around the area of the Hanseatic Sea in the early 18th century. In this rare photograph we see Pieter van der Hoots, captain of The Raging Queen, and his aging cabin boy, Hans, casting apprehensive glances at a squad of British customs agents from the HMS Plum Pudding seeking to make a doubledutch bust. Just moments after this photo was taken, Hans withdrew the blunderbuss from his pants and discharged a load of grapeshot into the intestines of Lt. Ronald Rubwell and midshipman Billy Dregs, ending their careers as crack hide-busters forever.





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SIES

ASK DR. FUCK

continued from page 9

PS: Forget about "the better picker-upper," Bounty, despite Nancy Walker's blarney (salami?). Maybe it's better for female cum (although she projects the truck-driver image quite naturally). I have found that it's actually less sperm-absorbent, and tends to pull the tender penis skin more when it's finally time to wake up, wash up and go to work.

NB: Do not use the pages of Screw, Playboy, Penthouse to wipe off cum. The high lead content, especially on the colored pages of the latter two, has been found, in a recent study by NIS (National Institute for Sex), to be a small (but definite) health hazard, and it may also give your penis bad breath.

Dear Dr. Fuck:

Should I invest in long-term debentures?

—Debbie Wiseman

Dear Deb:

Sorry, but I cannot answer your question without more details. What is your age, weight and cup size? Please send also a frontally nude photo (nonreturnable).

P.S. You might as well tell me what a "debenture" is, too.

Dear Dr. Fuck:

I fart quite a bit and am quite embarrassed by the noise it makes (let alone the smell!). I manage to get by in my own home, but when I go visiting, say at a hot-shot party of my boss, I'm quite embarrassed.

What should I do? —Nice But Cacophonous

Dear NBC:

Always carry around at least half a dozen cherry bombs in the inside pocket of your jacket. Just as you are about to fart, let off a cherry bomb. No one will notice the fart. You could probably even shit in your pants at the same time and no one would

As far as the smell—carry around at least four packets of Jimnah incense in the hankie pocket of your jacket, and light one up right after the cherry bomb goes off, saying something like: "What is that terrible smell?" (of the cherry bomb). No one will notice the shit smell coming from your pants!

And if all else fails: vomit.

Vomit will drive out the smell of fart, shit, cherry bomb, incense and even the sickening odor of prudish recidivist masturbators like you burning in hell.

BOB & DINAH & ME ON THIN ICE

by Larry Sloman



"Look," I was telling Dylan as he curiously perused the cover of my new book on the N.Y. Rangers, Thin Ice, "it's not the Hockey Hall of Fame but It'll do." The Hall of Fame in reference was the Songwriters Hall of Fame, which was honoring Bob a few nights before the publication date of Thin Ice, my new book on the Rangers. Bob was specially cited for "Blowin' in the Wind," a song which is not about hockey as is my new book, Thin Ice. Bob was especially thrilled to meet and pose with Miss Dinah Shore. "Wait till my mother sees this picture," he enthused to me. "Me and Dinah Shore!" Bob's mom, Beattle, is from Minnesota, where it's real cold -in fact, cold enough to play ice hockey year 'round, and I just know she will surely love my new book on the Rangers, Thin Ice.



DUNSTUDS

ASTRAL REJECTION

Relative to "R."'s column of April '82, "Can You Pass the Grass Test?" and question 5 of that test: There is nothing bad about astrology or people who talk about it. Astrology has been popularized and perverted, but this once-sacred symbology/psychology/ therapy still has its own relevance in the "Cosmic All."

Besides, even if astrology is invalid, it still might be useful to know something about it if for no other reason than so many others so fervently embrace it.

Or, talking about astrology might be a case of "It's not what we're doing or talking about, so much as where we're doing or talking about it from."

Los Angeles, Cal.

Associate Editor George Barkin responds: "Granted, astrology has a place in the Cosmic All, but that place is nowhere if not underneath the ill-formed stool of a sick cat. I have chosen to respond to you personally, Lex, because, as you may have heard, both my parents were killed by astrology (see "Flashes," HIGH TIMES, May '80), plus my younger brother's promising basketball career was ruined too. That's why I find seemingly well-meaning astrology apologists like yourself so insidiously pernicious."

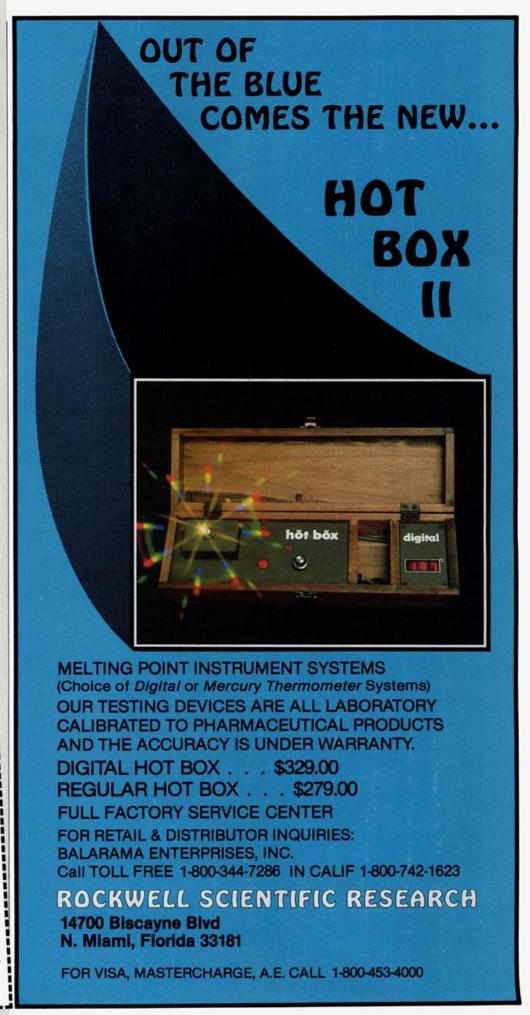
HIGH ON SCI-FI

Editor:

As a science-fiction aficionado, I heartily applaud the increased coverage of the genre in your magazine. I especially enjoyed "Snow Job," by Gardner Dozois and Michael Swanwick, in your April issue. I guess I should mention that I don't buy your magazine often, but when I do, I'm usually quite pleased.

-Mark Kropf Newton, Iowa

Rather a qualified endorsement, Kropf, but thanks anyway. You'll be pleased to know that upcoming are stories by sci-fi award winner Tom Disch and another Dozois piece, but we can't tell you exactly when they're gonna run. What we can do, though, is direct you to page 31, where you'll find all the information you'll need for a subscription.—Ed.







DUASIUDS

NEWSPEAK

Editor:

Regarding Abbie Hoffman's article on Newspeak a while back ["Us vs. Them," Feb. '82]: Perhaps the most insidious word ever devised to confuse the American people is conspiracy, a ten-dollar word that means a plot or scheme. Although persecution for possession of drugs is nothing new to us-it has been going on for most of this century-it should be noted that it is now a crime to plot to get some, to scheme to sell some, or to agree to buy some seed for next year's crop. The federal government doesn't even require an overt act to be committed to support conviction for conspiracy, so just an agreement, a word, the thought itself is enough. Great shades of George Orwell's ghost! Conspiracy translates "thought crime." Big Brother has deceived us with double-talk and imposed thought crime on us so gradually and cleverly that most of us are still unaware. Punishment for thoughts, any thoughts, is un-American, intolerable and goes against our basic concepts of fundamental fairness and decency. Wake up! And awaken your friends. Become a catalyst for freedom.

-Dr. M.D. Atomic New York, N.Y.

LESS IS MORE

Editor:

I just got sick of constantly looking at all that West Coast sinse, so here's some indica grown in the smallest state in the union. We only have about 100 frost-free days in this section of Rhode Island-so it's taken eight years of experimentation—but we've finally succeeded in growing kick-ass Afghani in three months! Let's see those Humboldt hop-heads top that.

—Proud in R.I.



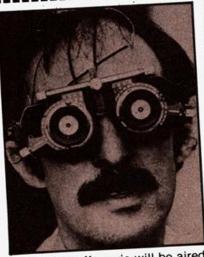


YOUR SLUM G-DDESS OF THE MONTH

That face, that figure, that Q-Tip head—all can mean only one thing: Introducing Spider Webb's Slum G-ddess of the Month. Now Spider Webb may be a better bullshit artist than he is tattoo artist (see HT, Nov. '81), but we took him at his word when he said he could deliver, each month, a female image to arrest the attention (and probably in some cases, the psychosexual development) of our readers.

This month's Slum G-ddess is vivacious Italia, an Italian national who created an ecclesiastical furor in the late '60s when she named over one-half of the Vatican's sacred college of cardinals in an unprecedented "group" paternity suit. Italia is currently available for modeling jobs and other type jobs and can be reached through the Spider Webb Modeling Agency of Woodstock, New York. For further information contact: Spider Webb Modeling Agency, 36 Mill Rd., Woodstock, NY 12498.





FENTON BENDIX ABC-TV has announced that the first made-for-TV snuff movie will be aired late in the fall. Tentatively titled "A Bruise for Jamie," the film will star ex-game show host Vix Waybink as an athlete who, despite being stricken with a fatal disease, still manages to teach a punk kid the meaning of courage, the importance of caring and the bankability of schmaltz. For the filming of the final act, Waybink will be actually injected with poison and die, a TV first...Idi Amin Dada has incorporated himself and hired a top-drawer N.Y. ad firm in his bid to make a comeback on the African despot scene. Test slogan to be tried out this fall: "At IAD, we're people helping people eat people"... Director Roman Polanski, exiled for years due to a California statutory rape tiff, can finally reenter the United States, thanks to L.A. super-lawyer Erno Lutz. Lutz, who represented producer Robert Evans after his cocaine bust, had Polanski agree to direct a TV special called "Get Off on Yourself." The purpose of the show, according to Polanski, is to give kids the courage to say "no" to sexual intercourse, both by pointing out the advantages of a fuck-free life and by giving quick and up-beat tips on masturbation. Highlight of the show will no doubt be cameo scenes of celebrities jerking off at home, including Cathy Lee Crosby, Scotty Baio, Paul Newman, Geraldo Rivera, Mac-Kenzie Phillips, Marie Osmond and Jose Ferrer.



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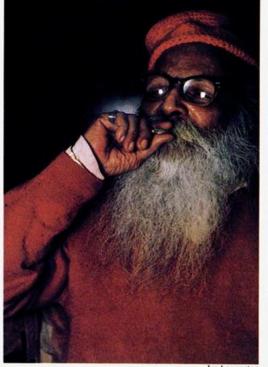


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CONNIESEDR



OUR CONNOISSEUR has never been one to go in for gurus of any kind. To tell the truth, I've always preferred wise guys to Wise Men. But when somebody tipped me off to an all-night party for the guy they call the "Ganja Guru," I couldn't resist checking it out. The death of Bob Marley has left a sad void in the ranks of spokesmen for the wisdom weed. Your Connoisseur himself had begun to wonder-in moments of unbridled vanity-if he was perhaps the only fit successor spokesman for cannabis consciousness. Was it possible even I could learn something from the dope-smoking Indian holy man they called Ganesh Baba?

One thing for sure, it was a great party. As it turned out, this "Psychedelic Samba," as the wild night was called, had been organized to honor one of Ganesh Baba's American discoverers and disciples, Ira Cohen. A writer and longtime traveler in Eastern realms, Ira is author of, among other works, The Hashish Cookbook.

Well, people were dancing and smoking up a storm and many mushrooms were consumed at the hip Manhattan rock club that had been rented for the party, but it wasn't until 2 A.M. that the Ganja Guru himself made his entrance.

And what a knockout entrance it was. First the wild throbbing of drums was heard. Then from the back

door a snake-dancing line emerged led by three barely dressed women in Vegas-style feathered headdresses and followed by three wildly flailing drummers. This gyrating phalanx of flesh and frenzy was followed by a snake-dancing line of followers who swayed and circled throughout the dance floor. Soon the whole room was twitching and twisting in time to the pulsating psychedelic samba, the chorus girls were up onstage shaking their sequins like mad and suddenly the crowds parted to make way for a little knot of people who sailed through the commotion to a spot at the lip of the stage.

And there he was, a little old guy dressed in orange right up in front of the stage, standing there shaking up and down, fists joyfully waving, looking up the long legs of the Vegas go-go girls with a big wide ganja grin on his face. I liked him immediately for this unhypocritical display of lust-unlike other gurus who chastize their followers into chastity and conceal lustful longings under their holy robes.

I liked him even better when I saw someone hand him a huge joint and watched him.suck a massive amount of smoke into his lungs, smile with delight, start coughing wildly and then-like a true head after my own heartreach out and smother his coughs by sucking in some more smoke. This was not another boring ascetic, no Baba Rum Raisin preaching timid restraint-this guru was a guy who knew how to have a good

Well, the party wore on till dawn, with several episodes of snake dancing that had the Connoisseur himself snaking

ciples told me, he was a serious physicist who'd known Einstein himself. He was less interested in repeating the same old elevated but tiresome formulas of Eastern wisdom than in working out the spiritual implications of advanced Western quantum theory.

Well, this was right up my alley, since the Connoisseur has always felt that the altered perspective one gets from the "high" has something to do with tuning into the whirl of wave forms that underlie and give significance to the apparently isolated quanta of the experiential manifold.

Of course, amid all the noise and snake dancing it was hard to get into a serious discussion of subatomic physics with the Ganja Guru that night and so I set up an appointment to see him the night after the party. As it turned out, he had to cancel that one because, while the exhausted Connoisseur-despite his strong constitutionhad to drop out of the snake dancing at dawn, the 90-yearold Ganja Guru kept on partycontinued on page 18

I asked the guru what was the best ganja he'd ever smoked. "California sinsemilla!" he declared joyfully.

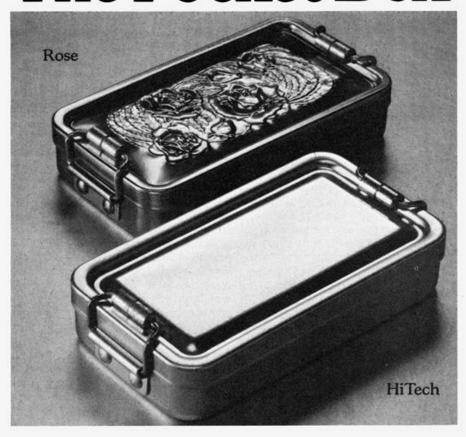
and gyrating. When not dancing with pretty girls, the Ganja Guru would sit himself down on a couch and receive offerings from friends and followers. Powerful offerings. Sinsemilla of every sort. Mushrooms. Hash. You name it, he cheerfully smoked it, ate it or fondled it.

Some of his followers filled me in on a bit of his background. He was, they said, a genuine holy man in India, the head of an order known as the Naga Babas. These Nagas are what you might call hippie holy men, who wander the land getting high, manifesting a mixture of wisdom and good cheer.

Close to 90 now, he'd started out as a wealthy Indian businessman and shucked it all for the holy call. Even more intriguingly, one of his chief dis-



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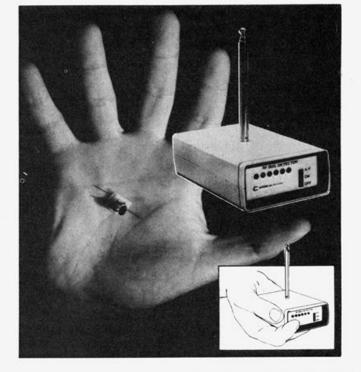
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Hong Kong



ZIP
-

CONNOISSEUR

continued from page 16

ing for 12 hours more without sleep.

When we finally got together the next evening, we had a fascinating talk about the relation between physics and the high, but what truly astonished me, impressed me, about Ganesh Baba was a revelation he gave me about a Beatles song.

Not that the physics wasn't fascinating. Ganesh Baba has a whole vision of four realms beneath—or higher than—the quantum level. As we smoked copious quantities of fresh California sinsemilla, he spoke of four spectra of radiant energy beyond the electromagnetic spectrum perceived by ordinary consciousness. Physics, he said, will eventually take us to those levels where psychedelics have already taken some pioneers: from the quantum world to the higher "psych-ionic world," and finally to what

he calls "the conscionic level," a realm which he described as "only one conscion moving at infinite velocity able to be at every place at every time."

Those of you who have tripped may well remember spending some time in that place. It sounded like a familiar landscape to me.

But the Connoisseur, ever vigilant to explore the full intellectual implications of such theories, was not completely satisfied with this theorizing.

How do we know there isn't something below—I mean higher than—the "conscionic level?" I queried Ganja Guru.

"This is the rock bottom of the universe," he insisted.

"But why, then," I asked, "is there Something instead of Nothing at all?" Why, in other words, all these four or five levels, why any levels, why any consciousness, why being instead of pure nothingness?

This ancient yet honorable chestnut of Western metaphysics seemed to annoy the psychedelic sage. Maybe it stumped him. It has many

He began denouncing me for asking the question, claiming that the only reason I did was that my culture had filled my head with "too much junk" and that people who talk about "pure nothingness" probably have "a good-for-nothing mind."

To keep things on a friendly plane I switched the subject to one of mutual delight. I asked him what, in all his years of smoking, all over the Eastern and Western hemispheres, was the best ganja he'd ever smoked.

No hesitation. "California sinsemilla!" he declared joyfully. He positively raved about it: "The best ganja is Uncle Sam ganja. That green and beautiful brown matrix. Jamaican and Colombian are good, but lushness is lacking. It is not vibrationally in such smooth equilibrium as your California sinsemilla, which is healthier. Of course, to be perfectly healthy when one smokes the sinsemilla or any psychedelic, one must sit with the spine straight, breathe deeply, roll your eyes up to the third eye and be aware of the unity of nature..."

It's hard to argue with any of this wisdom (although the Connoisseur might cavil that he hasn't tasted any California sinse that can top Hawaiian Puna butter at its best). But does that make Ganesh Baba a true Wise Man? Certainly I thought he was more fun to be around than any of the other pompous swamis who swindle Westerners out of life's pleasures with their sour asceticism. Any guru who likes sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll can't be all bad in my book.

But it wasn't, in fact, until he made a comment on rock 'n' roll that knocked me out that I began to realize Ganesh Baba might really have a kind of cosmic connection.

The subject had shifted from California sinse to marijuana as a true psychedelic and Ganesh Baba started talking about the Beatles' ballad "Let It Be."

Marijuana is the spirit of the divine mother, he was saying, and when Paul sings, "Mother Mary comes to me, speaking words of wisdom,..." he's not talking about the Virgin Mary of Catholic doctrine but about marijuana.

Now this is something that suddenly seemed so obvious to me I couldn't believe that a serious Beatles worshiper like myself had not realized it long before. Sure, the song has the trappings of a Catholic hymn and I'd always wondered where that sudden pious Catholicism was coming from in a band that hadn't been notably papist in the past. And remember Paul's grass bust in Japan.

Now it was plain as the nose on my face. But as everyone knows, one can't see one's own nose until one has a mirror. How's that for wisdom? Maybe the Connoisseur should go into the grass guru business. But for now I'll snake dance for Ganesh Baba any ol' time. He's my kind of guru.

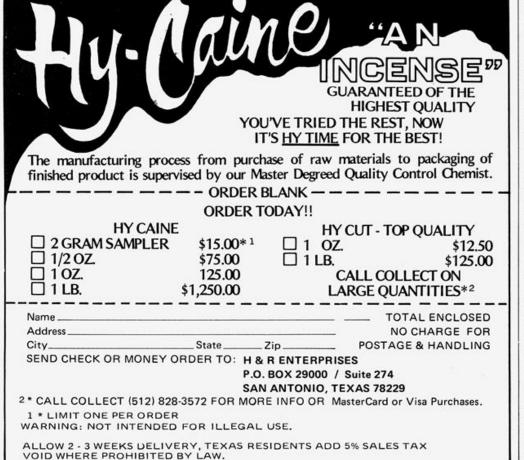
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SCANDALS, BUSTS, AND **DEEDS OF** DERRING-DO

LATEST DOPE PRICES

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No. 83

July '82

SPECIAL REPORT

U.S. MILITARY INVASION OF SOUTH FLORIDA: ANOTHER VIETNAM?

BY BOB LABRASCA

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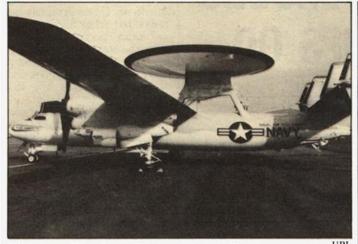
HE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION'S MUCH-BALLYHOOED South Florida task force may be serious business, but the spring launching of the operation was accompanied by as much political flimflammery as most official dope wars of the past. Before his

troops had even taken up battle positions, the generalissimo of the campaign, Vice-President George Bush himself, was taking credit for major drug seizures.

The grand scheme for a multiagency jihad against smugglers was barely off the drawing boards when, in early March, members of the U.S. Customs Tactical Enforcement Support Team (TEST), conducting a routine inspection of a cargo plane just in from Medellin, Colombia, stumbled on a coke stash of awesome proportions. They found, packed in 21 boxes ostensibly containing clothing, somewhere near 4,000 pounds of fresh flake. Two of the 18-inch by 48-inch by 24-inch, 195-pound containers were stuffed to the lids with loose blow. The other 19 were filled with kilo packets, neatly wrapped in yellow plastic. This was nearly five times as much cocaine as had ever been taken in a single haul and a publicity plum for whoever got the

Observing protocol, customs kept quiet about the

credit.



Wings over West Palm: Hawkeyes invade Florida.

windfall seizure until it could be announced from Bush's office. Credit thereby went to the task force. Only trouble was, as a customs official was later forced to admit to inquiring reporters, the addi-

tional task-force officers were not yet in place when the coke was found.

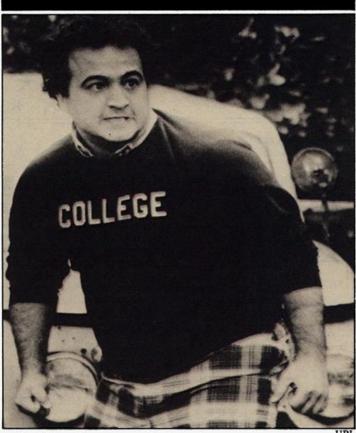
By this time, all major busts and seizures, in fact, were being credited to the task force, including: one of a

weed freighter carrying an estimated 20 tons, fired upon and boarded by U.S. Customs between Cuba and Haiti; another of a coke plane forced down over the Bahamas; and a third involving a wild air chase over the Florida Keys to a rural airport in Tennessee. Not a soul was arrested in the massive Miami cocaine discovery or the Keysto-Tennessee scramble, though in the latter, 1,600 pounds of pot and 1,200 Quaaludes were taken. As we go to press, the Drug Enforcement Administration tells HIGH TIMES that the bonanza blow seizure is still under investigation, and the agency expects to fry some big fish. More to come on that

one . . maybe. Meanwhile, someone had to come up with an explanation of how it was possible for a not-yet-functioning task force to be so effective. The job fell to Miami regional customs commissioner Robert Battard. Showing himself to be a real team player, Battard told reporters, "I think a reasonable person could con-clude that there may be a lot of people trying to move drugs into Florida as fast as they can before the task force starts going full force." Hence, once plans for the task force had been announced, it was at least indirectly responsible for all subsequent

The Drug War Armada But hucksterism aside, South Florida drug smugglers are now facing a gencontinued on page 21

HIGHWITNESS NEWS



Animal House hero gets ready to trash.

UPI

POLITICS CLOUDS BELUSHI'S OD

by Bob LaBrasca

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

When John Belushi's fire went out, it took nearly a week for the smoke to clear, and even then a haze continued to hang over the facts. But it was local politics, not any real mystery about the comedian's early exit, that confused matters. Within hours of the discovery of Belushi's body, police and officials of the county coroner's office knew virtually as much as they would ever know about how he had died.

They waited five days, though, to announce the conclusion that he had suffered an "overdose due to intravenous injections of heroin and cocaine." Meanwhile, police spewed misinformation, and the news media embarked on a full-scale campaign of mor-

bid speculation. The reason for the delay was that famed county coroner Thomas Noguchi was himself in the midst of a major career crisis brought on by his handling of two other drug-related deaths, those of William Holden and Natalie Wood. After two months of deliberation, the L.A. Board of Supervisors, in late April, demoted Noguchi from his post as chief medical examiner to physician specialist.

When Belushi died on March 5, the supervisors had already quietly asked Noguchi to resign. The renowned pathologist was busy rallying his political allies then, and was not about to raise anyone's hackles by commenting on the Belushi matter before all scientific reports were in. To further muddy the waters, Lt. Dan Cooke of the Los Angeles Police Department told reporters swarming around Belushi's apartment on the day of his death that the comic had met his end "by natural causes," even though he knew at the time that drugs had been found at Belushi's bedside, a syringe had been confiscated and there were needle tracks on both arms of the body.

Of course, every patrolman and coroner's helper who had been on the scene knew the facts, so over the next few days virtually every reporter in Los Angeles had come up with an "exclusive" and "reliable" source to confirm that Belushi had died of an overdose. The reported details, however, were sometimes ludicrous. The Los Angeles Times quoted its informant as saying, "He shot up with base and overdosed." Neither the Times nor any of the other media that repeated this tidbit bothered to learn that freebase cocaine is insoluble in water and is not injectable.

The base story was, in fact, "confirmed" by LAPD chief Daryl Gates, who jumped the gun on Noguchi by first calling Belushi's passing a drug death at a police-academy luncheon. Gates is widely believed to harbor higher politi-cal aspirations, and didn't miss the opportunity to deliver yet another sermon about the plague of drug abuse and drug crime in Los Angeles. He is also one of the state's most vocal proponents of a to-tal ban on "drug parapherna-lia," even though California already has a law forbidding the sale of such equipment to minors.

Noguchi, meanwhile, was under a partial gag order from the L.A. Board of Supervisors, having been commanded to confine any remarks he might make to "physiological cause of death." The coroner finally announced his opinion that Belushi had suffered a cocaine and heroin overdose on the afternoon of March 10, shortly after Gates had had his say. Further information would not be available until the 15th, when the autopsy report was belatedly released outlining the all-night binge of snorting, speedballing (shooting a mixture of smack and coke) and drinking.

More details were revealed later when Cathy Evelyn Smith, the last person to see Belushi alive, was interviewed by the Los Angeles Herald Examiner. Smith, a 34-year-old Canadian woman with a reputation for consorting with stars and having access to top-drawer drugs, had stuck close to Belushi for most of his last five days. According to the Examiner, the comedian's consumption of coke and heroin constantly accelerated during that time. He also drank heavily. On the night before he died he was drunk enough to need help getting into his apartment. Even so, according to Smith, Belushi continued throughout the night to dip into separate stashes of blow and a speedball blend.

Noguchi's determination of what killed the comedian, however, is probably only a good, educated guess. For an expert opinion on the information released in the autopsy report, HIGH TIMES consulted psychopharmacologist and cocaine researcher Dr. Ronald Siegel of the University of California at Los Angeles Medical School. Sie-



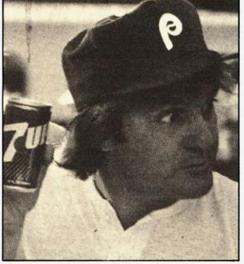
Corone Noguchi nixed.

gel, who has delivered lectures to Noguchi's staff on the effects of cocaine, noted that the quantities of coke and heroin found in Belushi's body fluids were "not compellingly lethal."

The actor could have suffocated from a slight breathing obstruction, Siegel speculated, which may not have
awakened him because of the
depth of sleep that often accompanies cocaine withdrawal. Some people coming down
from extreme cocaine intoxication, Siegel said, have been
known to suffer severe burns
without being awakened by
the pain.

"The only thing you can reasonably conclude," Siegel said, "is that John Belushi killed John Belushi."

KIDS AND CAFFEINE



7-UP IS CRISP, CLEAN AND POPS A NEW DOPE SCARE

Tug McGraw strikes out caffeine.

Tug: Here's coke and Pepsi and Dr. Pepper.

Guys: So?

Tug: So, they all have caffeine.

Guys: Caffeine? Oh no... Not that...

Guys: Then take a Mountain
Dew, or a Sunkist

Tug: You take 'em, I don't want 'em... They all have caffeine, too.

The Seven-Up Company of St. Louis, which is wholly owned by the Philip Morris tobacco cartel, is responsible for this ubiquitous radio ad spot suggesting that a whole locker room of Philadelphia Phillies could be spooked to quaking panic by a refrigerator full of caffeinated soft drink. Eventually, of course, the "guys" find Tug a can of 7-Up—"crisp and clean, with no caffeine"—and he's heard doing up the whole 3,500 milligrams of sugar in it with one grateful and manly guzzle.

"No caffeine," brag 7-Up ads incessantly nowadays: "Never had it. Never will." And though Coca-Cola and PepsiCo may wail amain about what they term "unauthorized and inaccurate representations" of their products, Tug McGraw throughout this season has been all over the media as the foremost guardian of American youth from this latest of drug scourges, caffeine. When the football season picks up, Randy White of the Dallas Cowboys will pick up the same role.

For the record, 7-Up does contain no caffeine at all, and no more sugar than most soft drinks. Coke's own Sprite is caffeine-free, as is Fresca, Teem, RC-100, most root-beer brands, and Canada Dry ginger ale. A 12-ounce can of Coke contains 34 milligrams of caffeine, about a third of the caffeine in a cup of brewed coffee, and Pepsi's about the same. Mountain Dew and Mello Yello are highest in caffeine content, at over 50 mg per can, while something called "Sugar-Free Mr. Pibb" hits 60 mg in every 12 ounces.

True Horrors of Caffeine

Also for the record, caffeine appears to have considerably fewer adverse physical or mental effects in humans than sugar. The Food and Drug Administration, and other government agencies, have extensively checked caffeine's various physical effects and found no evidence that it can contribute to heart disease or trigger heart attacks; it's not implicated in the development of stomach ulcers, though coffee itself (not necessarily caffeine itself, however) can aggravate acute ulcer attacks. Pregnant rats fed massive doses of caffeine by the FDA—about 3,000 mg regularly through their 21-day gestation cycle -have shown up deformed pups, but the relevance of this to human women is entirely unknown.

Physicians at the Harvard School of Public Health generated a considerable media stir in 1978 by hinting at a possible statistical link between coffee drinking and pancreatic cancer. After the media played it to the hilt, sales of decaffeinated coffee rose markedly—even though the Harvard docs specifically noted that drinkers of decaf-

feinated coffee were just as likely to develop cancer, by their statistics, as drinkers of regular brands. Caffeine, nevertheless, was presented by the media as the culprit. When the report was debunked by other academics as methodically slipshod, and after follow-up studies universally failed to confirm its findings, the media simply neglected to report on any of these developments. The public at large still firmly believes caffeine to be carcinogenic, therefore, though the evidence indicates solidly that it's not.

The Caffeine-Madness Campaign

"There is a growing body of concern among consumers about the possible negative health implications of this stimulant," observed 7-Up president Edward Frantel at the launching of the "no caffeine" ad blitz last spring—"especially with regard to children, who are the major consumers of soft drinks."

Linking "stimulant" with "children" is the surefire way to launch any top-notch dope-scare campaign.

"SOMEONE YOU KNOW COULD BE A DRUG ADDICT," headlined Abilene Reporter-News staffer Darla Petty. "YOUR YOUNGSTERS MAY BE GETTING 'COFFEE NERVES' FROM DRINKING SOFT DRINKS," wailed the Washington Post.

"I'm dependent on coffee," a pregnant woman supposedly wrote Dr. Peter Essy on the Spartanburg, South Carolina Tribune. "I've read somewhere," she fretted, "drinking it may indirectly harm the size and health of the baby." She probably read it in some other retailing of the same handout from which Dr. Es-

handout from which Dr. Essy derived the answer to her question: viz, that the FDA recommends that pregnant women avoid caffeine. (He did not add that the FDA urges pregnant women to

avoid all unnecessary drugs.)

Why Caffeine?

Whatever their reasons for adding caffeine to their beverages, Coca Cola and PepsiCo aren't likely to take it out very soon. The makers of RC Cola, however, evidently saw a caffeine scare in the works long ago, and prepared to head it off at the pass. Even as 7-Up cranked up its scare campaign, the RC people brought out RC-100, a caf-feine-free cola drink. With two years of careful consumer-testing behind it, RC-100 is to be merchandized to appeal to consumers' "health concerns and religious convictions"—a soft drink as "clean" as 7-Up, that is, but with the distinctive cola flavor that Americans have consistently preferred, the last 100 years, to "lemon-lime" beverages like 7-Up.

FLA.: ANOTHER VIETNAM?

continued from page 19 uine blitzkrieg. This is the first major campaign against dope importation since G.

Gordon Liddy devised Operation Intercept for the Nixon administration back in 1969.

The plan for a task force to combat crime, immigration problems and drug smuggling in South Florida was first announced by Reagan on January 28. Six members of his cabinet, including the

secretaries of state and defense and the attorney general, would serve on the blueribbon panel headed by Bush. Also Adm. Daniel J. Murphy, Bush's chief of staff, would head a working group (the cabinet heavies presumably were not working) composed of cabinet-member appointees; delegates from the Coast Guard and the Federal Aviation Administration; and continued on page 22

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

U.S. MILITARY INVASION OF SOUTH FLORIDA

continued from page 21

White House drug adviser and former government pot farmer Carlton Turner. Bush made it clear, however, in speeches on February 16 and March 16 before the Miami Citizens Against Crime, that street crime and immigration were, at best, minor priorities. The primary thrust of the federal effort would be against smugglers, the only criminals, it seemed, anyone could get really excited about.

According to Bush, personnel newly assigned to South Florida would include:

- 145 customs agents
- 43 FBI agents
- •58 DEA people, including 40 special agents, three intelligence analysts, ten supervisors and five secretaries (with 20 more agents to be in place by fall)

•20 experts in the Financial Law Enforcement Center at the Treasury Department to work exclusively on exposing Florida money-laundering operations and violations of the Bank Secrecy Act

 45 agents of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms

 An unspecified number of additional U.S. attorneys and federal judges to prosecute and try mostly drug cases.
 Charles F. Rinkevich, who

Charles F. Rinkevich, who headed the federal task force on the Atlanta child murders, was named "on-scene coordinator" of the Florida operation. Generally viewed as a low-profile efficiency expert, Rinkevich has been directed to facilitate cooperation between federal, state and local authorities. He may face a greater chore, though, in trying to restrain the traditional crosscurrents of competitive jealousy among the myriad federal law-enforcement agencies involved.



Customs stumbles onto two tons of cocaine at Miami airport before military task force begins.

The total manpower of this campaign, just over 300, is barely impressive, especially when compared to the force of 2,000 deployed along the Mexican border by Nixon in 1969; but it is a multitiered affair, functioning at more investigative levels than Operation Intercept, and will almost certainly be more efficiently administered.

The task force also enjoys unprecedented access to military assistance as a result of the new posse comitatus legislation passed by Congress in December. That law allows the armed forces to assist ci-

vilian agencies in drug enforcement—a practice that ostensibly had been forbidden since 1878. Actually, the new law only legitimized what the federal government was already doing. Beginning in the fall of 1981—in a campaign code-named Operation Thunderbolt— navy E2-C Hawkeye radar planes and Cobra helicopters were being used to identify and chasedown smuggling planes. This was legally possible through a questionable loophole in the 1878 law: the lack of any specific mention of the navy.

The military hardware is the task force's most potent weapon. The E2-C, the government claims, is capable of monitoring everything in the air within a 200- to 300-mile radius and can spot a floating buoy from 30,000 feet up. The Cobra, battle-proven in Vietnam, is faster than most fixed-wing planes and spectacularly maneuverable. According to published reports, it achieved a "100-percent success rate" in chasing smuggling planes during Op-eration Thunderbolt. To further tighten the air net around the peninsula, the FAA instituted new aviation rules on April 21 requiring all planes entering Florida, even those flying at under 180 knots, to file flight plans. Any plane without a flight plan, or seen to be veering from its prescribed course, is now considered suspicious.

Also for the first time, navy vessels, so far identified only as "warships," are patrolling the Caribbean in search of smuggling boats. They carry teams of customs agents who do the actual boarding and busting—an arrangement that was settled on because of the reluctance of the military to engage in direct action

FEDS FIND HEPATITIC 'LUDES

MIAMI, FLORIDA

OUTH AMERICAN BOOTleg chemists may finally have developed a pill that can produce hepatitis in human beings, according to the federal Drug Enforcement Administration: fake Quaaludes manufactured with a cheap industrial glue, to give them the glossy, crisp-edged sheen of real pharmaceutical Lemmon 714s. The southern regional office of the DEA reorted nabbing 3,695 bootleg Quaaludes in one batch last spring, all of which contained steep concentrations of a boat-caulking glue hardener which can produce in humans "toxic hepatitis"-exactly the sort of liver damage that is caused by viral hepatitis, only without the assistance of the virus.

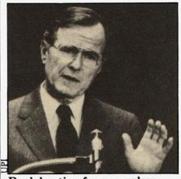
The toxic tablets, according to the DEA, were minted exactly like conventional Lemmon 714 Qualudes.

Each, however, contained only 1.5 milligrams of methaqualone (Quaalude's active ingredient) mixed with diazepam (Valium's active ingredient), along with 149 milligrams of a commerical epoxy resin hardener normally used to caulk boats. Though not psychoactive itself, the caulking glue (P.P-diaminodiphenylmethane, or P.P-DDM) has been proven to damage the livers of workers overexposed to it in boat-caulking works. The DEA estimates that as few as four or five bootleg "hep 'ludes" could bring on acute liver trauma, taken at one time. Considering the very low concentrations of high-making material in each of these tabs, it's hardly inconceivable that an impatient 'ludes-head might gobble five or more all at once just to get a buzz on.

The result of such a major dose of P,P-DDM, speculate experienced drug-abuse counselors at Up Front, Inc., in Miami, ought to be severe nausea, vomiting and stomach pain. According to a report in the New England Journal of Medicine of September 8, 1974, in such doses the glue affects the liver as do overdoses of Tylenol, causing fibrosis, or scarring, of the liver. Though the acutely painful effects may be only transitory, lasting only days, repeated episodes can lead to permanent liver damage and possibly cancer.

"I'd put it down to plain ignorance," Up Front counselor
Jim Dubé told HIGH TIMES,
when asked why bootlegQuaalude makers might be
putting ingredients in their
dope that may make consumers sick. Bootleg-Quaalude
makers are forever trying out
new ways to pass their produce off as the real thing, and
Up Front has come across
some peculiar items in four
years of analyzing street sam-

HIGHWITNESS NEWS



Bush-beating for smugglers.

against American civilians.

The Prospects

It is uncertain what shortterm effects all of this could have on North American consumers of controlled substances. Cocaine and marijuana shortages could produce moderate price increases if the task force manages to seize an unusually large portion of the shipments bound for our shores. But no informed observer predicts a major disruption of the flow of contraband drugs into the United States: The demand is simply too great and the profit in trafficking too high. Imaginative entrepreneurs invariably find new techniques and routes of entry.

long-term predictions might do well to reflect on Operation Intercept. In 1969 Colombian pot was rarely available-a true exotic, found only in the best-connected, most affluent households. When Nixon and company attempted to strangle the Mexican connection, major importers shifted their activities to Colombia. Now marijuana is that country's number one crop, and, in the United States, Colombian weed is street dope. If the Florida blockade is sustained, watch for new sup-plies of Acapulco gold and an ever greater expansion of the already booming trade in American homegrown.

One sidelight to the federal activities in South Florida: A former military intelligence analyst tells HIGH TIMES that most of the sophisticated electronic gear assigned to the drug war can also be used to monitor goings-on in such places as Cuba, Nicaragua and El Salvador—a fact that can scarcely have been overlooked by the likes of taskforce member Alexander Haig. Should any of our southern neighbors accuse us of spying, we have, perhaps not so incidentally, the perfect smokescreen.

Those interested in making

ples. While about a third of all bootleg 'ludes on the street do contain methaqualone of various dosages, most of the rest combine a little methaqualone with a lot of diazepam. The bathtub boot makers, Dubé speculates, may consider Valium to be such a nowhere high, that they believe that by overdosing their customers with it, they'll succeed in passing their boot off-even though a diazepam overdose commonly involves vomiting, coma and days of amnesia. "They're stupid," says Dubé. "They simply don't know they're dealing with two entirely different drugs when they combine metha-qualone with diazepam."

BOOT WATCH

Up Front, Inc., of Miami is licensed by the Drug Enforcement Administration to receive anonymous drug sam-ples for chemical identification and analysis. Besides Quaaludes, the laboratory also tests any other sort of drug, from cocaine to magic mushrooms. The service can't reveal the purity of any drug, only whether it's real or not, and the nature of any adulterants.

To obtain an Up Front assay, send \$15 with a personal five-digit number (don't include your own name), plus the name of the drug you believed it to be when you bought it, what you suspect it to be now and any positive or negative side effects you may have noticed under its influence. It also helps to mention where the drug was purchased. That way, if a lot of poison dope suddenly shows up in any area, Up Front can alert the local media and poison-control authorities.

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SMUGGLERS STAGE A BREAKNECK **GETAWAY**

MADISONVILLE. TENNESSEE

THE SCENE WAS STRAIGHT out of that ultimate smuggling movie everyone keeps saying ought to be made someday: planes and guns and bales of weed, 700 miles of white-knuckle tension, and in the end, a breakneck getaway. It was a night a band of would-be smugglers, four airborne customs agents and a Tennessee sheriff will never forget.

About 11 on a mid-March night, the smuggling plane first appeared as a blip on the radar screen of a military plane, probably a patrolling navy E2-C. It was flying low, about 70 miles southwest of Key West and headed for the Florida coast. An alert was immediately flashed to U.S. Customs in Tampa, and a two-man airborne unit there failed to make radio contact with the phantom plane.

The customs plane then began its pursuit. The smugglers' well-tuned Piper Navajo sailed along at about 210 miles per hour; the customs plane could only handle about 200 and soon began lagging behind. But the customs agents had other resources: They radioed Jacksonville, and a swifter, two-engine Cessna 404 was scrambled into the chase.

As the Navajo crossed into Georgia, the smugglers had two teams of customs cops on their tail-one with enough power to pose a threat. They crossed Georgia with the Jacksonville plane following a discreet 13 miles behind, watching their every move.

At about 3 A.M. the contrabandistas touched down at the Monroe County Airport near Madisonville, Tennessee; and things got a bit hairy for everyone concerned. The smug-glers managed to wheel a '72

Ford LTD into the path of the first customs plane before it arrived. The agents saw the car too late and slammed into it, ripping off one engine of the aircraft and buckling the landing gear. Bruised and shaken, they climbed from the plane armed with a shotgun and a .30-caliber rifle.

Meanwhile, the smugglers had managed to load some of their precious bales of weed into a waiting Chevy pickup truck. A second pickup charged down the runway at the agents, who managed to leap out of the way before the two trucks headed off into the Tennessee darkness. According to the customs version of the events, as the Chevy pulled away, the tailgate dropped and suspects, huddled among the bales, opened fire. The agents shot back, but both trucks escaped.

Sheriff's deputies, who arrived about ten minutes later, found the bullet-riddled Chevy abandoned on a se-cluded dirt road. They roused the bloodhounds of Brushy Mountain State Prison for the chase, but the dogs lost the trail and nary a trace has been seen since of the estimated five perpetrators.

About 1,600 pounds of baled grass were found on the plane and in the abandoned truck, and 1,200 Quaaludes were discovered tucked behind the pilot's seat. According to Sheriff R.H. Johnson, Monroe County's previous record pot bust was about 3 pounds.

Sheriff Johnson couldn't have been happier. "The whole thing has been pretty exciting for us," he drawled. "And if we get to keep the plane, it will be even more exciting. We'll have ourselves our own aero-patrol."

WAIKIKI MOB MUSCLES IN ON KAUAI PAKALOLO BIZ

NA PALI, HAWAI

Maui wowie may be the most well-publicized brand of Hawaiian weed back on the mainland, but by far most of the seedless pakalolo that comes out of the Islands is grown here on Kauai. Confiscations of grass from Kauai's 500 square miles of virgin wilderness outstrip by far the "green harvest" police hauls from Maui and Oahu, and even top those from the Big Island itself. The growers here call their stuff "Kauai electric" privately, but merchandise it as Maui wowie or Puna butter or whatever, in an effort to deflect outside interest from Kauai.

But it's not working. In the last couple of years, someone's taken a heavy interest in Kauai, but it's not the police. Growers are convinced it's the Waikiki Mafia, as thoroughly organized and vicious as the Vegas, Chicago and New Jersey mobs stateside. When pakalolo began bringing in over \$1,000 a pound on the California market a few seasons back, the Waikiki thugs muscled heavily into Kauai, ripping off crops at gunpoint every budding season. Now they pose a mortal hazard to the growers, their employees, and to visiting vacationers, who come here by the thousands every year.

"If people come in, beat you up, rape your wife and steal your crop, what are you going to do about it? Nothing," observes Kauai vice cop Patrick Layosa. "Every Tom, Dick and Joe is carrying guns now-

adays.

The four Kauai cops speak of sighting guards around pakalolo crops at harvest, men in camouflage fatigues toting semiautomatic rifles, leading attack dogs. A local grower who recently left Kauai after raising weed for ten years recalled for the Honolulu Star-Bulletin how a friend had been ripped off right at harvest by several armed "rips":

several armed "rips":

"They came to him and said okay, take us to your crop or we'll blow your head off." But the grower's dogs charged the thugs, and while

they were busy offing the animals, the victim dove into the bush. Once his crop had been cleared away, he crept back, gathered as much of his property as he could carry, and left Kauai for good.

The reaction of the Kauai police to all this is, reflexively, to call for heavier pot penalties. While pakalolo farmers have been extensively cultivating weed since the mid '70s, none of them have ever caused much trouble for the 30,000 local residents, and their money has considerably boosted the economy, adding some \$37 million per year, cold cash. Therefore, penalties for cultivation have been notably light; what few cases aren't dismissed outright generally pull only token fines. So the police-officially, at least lay the growing disorders to judicial "permissiveness."

Primo seeds from around the world—Thailand, Af-ghanistan, Kenya, Belize -are flown and shipped seasonally to Kauai. The Brotherhood's plantations, interspersed among the riotous North Shore foliage to confound helicopter spotters, are tended by hired locals working under expert supervision. Far back in the hills, sophisticated irrigation and fertilization techniques are employed to bring up some of the finest dope in the world. Further downslope, the growers also raise numerous plots of low-quality, minimally tended weed, to serve as decoy dope for the green-harvest narcs. The cops are entirely aware of it, too, as Lieutenant Layosa indicates:

"The growers are business minded. Instead of one big patch, they'll plant maybe 50 smaller ones in scattered locations: 25 for us and 25 for themselves. The 25 they leave for us to find will be more accessible and poorly tended."

To nail the better weed, up in the more inaccessible districts, police chief Roy Hiram's four cops, all Vietnam vets, make enthusiastic use of Special Services techniques: bare-handed rock-cliff climbing, Lurp-style mid-

night reconnaissance, rappeling out of helicopters and so on.

As the professional Waikiki rips proliferate hereabouts, though, the growers have handle those goons from the Big Island, and neither can we"

Tourists, however, who spend a lot of time back in the woods, are in danger now, both from the organized rips and from the growers' juryrigged defenses.

"It's jungle warfare out there," reports a grower. "They carry guns and they aren't afraid to use them. People have been shot at. Some have disappeared. Some are

JORGY





necessarily been boning up on Special Services techniques themselves. Some plant vicious punji sticks around the plot perimeter, others string "toe-poppers"—shotgun shells with trip wires—around their crops to discourage the thugs. Though no cop so far has been clumsy enough to blow a foot off, this has made their job a lot uglier. "I don't think I should die for a marijuana plant," says Layosa.

The growers feel exactly the same way. "We've never had any trouble with the police at all," one wholesaler assures HIGH TIMES. "Even when they've caught us with whole tons, they've never even hinted at bribes or blackmail. They just do their jobs and bust us. But they can't

afraid to talk about what went down."

State parks superintendent George Nitani warns tourists, therefore, to avoid heavy North Shore growing areas like the enormous Kokee State Park, and the Anahola and Moloaa wilderness districts. Instead, the regions of Na Pali and the Kuilau hiking trail above the Wailua coastlines are recommended for tourists who'd rather see the sights than be in someone's sights.

If prices continue to drop or stabilize, the growers hope, it won't be worth the Waikiki mob's trouble to come in and rip people off. The only thing that might guarantee the mob's disappearance from the pakalolo trade would be

legalization.

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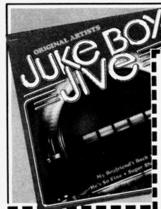
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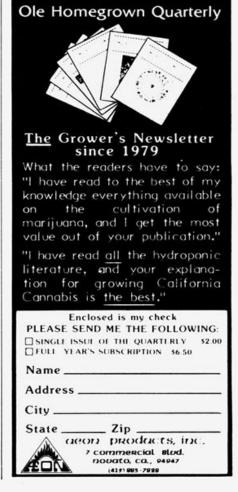
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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

THAI KNOCKS SINSE OFF SHOPPING BLOCK

by Bud Bogart

U.S. sinsemilla growers have been watching this season's huge glut of Thai weed with the same enthusiasm Detroit automakers reserve for Japanese imports. For some years now, the struggle between these two titans of the exotic market have benefited consumers as pound prices teetered at or below the \$2,000 mark. But now, some sinse growers are worried that the big Thai shipments may mean the crafty Asians are planning to pull the rug out from under the price structure, letting Thai prices drop to around a thou a pound or less. If this happens in the fall, when the Thai harvest is at its peak, it will spell doom for many small-time domestic growers, and cheap stash for the rest of us.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

The ambitious Thai connection has blossomed in the past few years. In the early '70s, Thai sticks were undisputed champs on the exotic circuit, and the price—up to \$2,700 a pound—clearly reflected the Thai dominance. But U.S. sinses soon erased the disparity in quality. Price wars dropped the tag on both, to the low twos on single pounds, then, in the last two years, below two.

Thai distributors wisely began to grade their products, and now have a full range of reefers: seeded, stickless Thai at prices as low as \$1,400 a pound; Thai sticks, usually dried, around \$1,500; stickless sinses, loose, at \$1,900 and supersinse "loaves" with flawless, golden buds formed into a football-shaped loaf that run around \$2,200. The main trade is in the seeded, stickless varieties that arrive in 20-pound plastic-sealed "bindles."

Of course, as one U.S. grower readily admits, the threatened Thai tide can be easily dammed by lawmen if it starts getting enough attention in the media to warrant a big North Pacific offensive. At present, enforcement efforts are being concentrated at the opposite end of the country, in the Southeast. The Thai glut owes much to the ease of beating the northwestern coastline—some areas in Canada are virtually uninhabited and unpatrolled.

What vexes growers more than the Thai's cheaper price is the fear that Thai growers may ultimately produce a better product.

"Just plain old natural-grown field pot from Thailand is much stronger than the same thing over here," explained one grower. "If they upgrade their growing techniques, they could develop a superstrain we couldn't hold a match to," he predicted.

Old ways are the best ways: The quilting bee, or its Midwest equivalent the husking bee, now has its modern counterpart in the "trimming bee." In this new version, sinse-growers' spouses, girl friends and children all get together to drink wine, trade gossip and perform the amazingly boring and thankless job of trimming the flack from the high-priced bud. The men, presumably, are keeping watch against helicopters, rips and other predators. Actually, according to one less-thanzealous participant, most of the men end up in the local bars.

Sinse trimming is the dirty dues paid on an otherwise positive project. It's like barn cleaning to a dairy farmer. Wise growers farm the task out, usually paying one ounce of rough pot for each pound trimmed. On some types of leafy pot, particularly indicus strains, a single long bud can have scores of tiny leafstalks that must be cut as close to the stem as possible without ruffling the rest of the bud. That done, you've finished a couple of grams with 400-plus to go.

Too many chiefs: The latest attempt to

Too many chiefs: The latest attempt to legalize pot in California has ended up on the reefs, a victim of too many navigators and captains. According to Mike Moran, an organizer of the California Marijuana Initiative, some 300,000 petition signatures were expected by the beginning of the summer, early enough to file a proposition for the November ballot.

Unfortunately, arguments broke out over a number of issues, such as providing amnesty for past pot-law violators. Out of the smoke emerged a rival group, the California Marijuana Reform Initiative, which, like its competitor, sponsored a smoke-in fund raiser and other publicity maneuvers. Both failed to garner the necessary votes by the deadline. At this juncture, California citizens can look forward to at least their fifth petition drive in ten years to legalize weed.

Farmer Bud's Almanac...tip for 'shroom growers: For a growing medium, instead of those endless trays or jars, try a bale of hay. First, wrap it tight so it won't disintegrate, wet it, then store it in a moist spot (where you grow the 'shrooms is fine) until it begins to mulch. When the bale is warm to the touch, sprinkle a little peat on top, plant your little spores right there and stand back.

and stand back.

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.



	BELGIUM		1		PORTUGAL		1	Cocaine	prices creeping up	gm	85-140 325-360
'Mersh 'lombo	rare but good	gm kg	5	Mozambique pot	colas and banana buds	gm kilo	2 1250	Mathagualana	home-brewed	oz one	2100-2700 4-6
Congo Pot	low grade	gm	1000	Moroccan hash	'double o' hash	gm kilo	3	Methaqualone	home-brewed	100	300-500
Belgium bonzo	hardly smokeable	kg oz	900 50	Bolivian &	direct import,	kilo gm	1500 75-100	Crosses and black beauts	erratic	100	25-200
homegrown Leb hash	snore	gm	5	Brazilian coke Methaqualone	potent buy from	one	.50	Amphetamines	crystally, potent	gm	125
	12000000	kg	3500 6		pharmacy			Alaska			FO 65
Moroccan hash	decent	kg kg	4000		SAUDI ARAB	IA		Commercial Colombian	dry & harsh	oz lb	50-65 550-650
Black Nepalese hash	watch for canards	gm kg	6 4000	Black Kashmir	one of the world's	gm	20	Domestic sinsemilla	alarmingly potent	1/4 OZ OZ	50 200
Black Afghani	King Kong hash	gm kg	12 8000-9000	hash Nepalese hash	great hashes fingers only	oz gm	250 15-20	Mexican weed	most available	oz lb	50-65 500-600
Opium LSD	fresh and dreamy not too hot	gm one	30 5	Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	oz gm	225-250 10-15	Mainland	hurtin' for	oz lb	225-300 2000-2750
Cocaine	stomped heavily	gm	120	100000000000000000000000000000000000000		oz	175-200	sinsemilla Thai sticks	certain lots of lumber	one	20
				Afghani hash	greenish black, fumy	gm oz	10-15 175-200	Lebanese hash	often too dry	lb gm	2400-2650 10
	ENGLAND		100	Lebanese red hash	a choker	gm oz	10 175-200	Cocaine	roll of the dice	oz gm	130-200 100-175
Leb hash	blondes and reds, typical	oz lb	1000	Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	gm	250-300	LSD	G.I. fave	oz one	2000-2800
Moroccan hash	green slabs, some too dry	oz lb	110 1200	Thai sticks	great	one	25 50-75			100	350-500 5
Paki hash	soft, spongy, potent	oz lb	150 1800	Philippine pot Ups & downs	commercial grade legal, kind of	0Z 100	5	Methaqualone	boots	one 100	350
Cocaine	"Charles" to the witty English	gm oz	110 2200	Moonshine	homemade	pint	30	Hawaii	2.20		150.050
	wite) Difficult			τ	NITED STAT	ES		Puna buds	price stabilizing	oz lb	150-250 2000-2600
	FRANCE			Area Bulletin	3		222	Kona gold	banana-size buds	oz lb	150-250 2000-2400
Commercial	fashion designers	oz	140	San Francisco Keokuk, Iowa	hothouse sinse locally grown	oz oz	125 75	Mauna Loa	short supply	oz lb	175-225 2000-2600
Colombian African pot	only lots of shake,	oz	80-100		sativa sinse, strong stuff			Maui wowie	grower stash	oz lb	175-275 2250-3000
Leb hash	mediocre international	gm	5	Washington, D.C.	2 gm Jamaican	one	5	* on	grade; other grades less		
Afghan hash	favorite black, strong	gm	6	Pittsburgh	bags boot ludes	one	5	LSD Mushrooms	fresh from the lab for cheap	one	2-4 free
Nepal hash	the best heavily danced on	gm	7.50-12 150	Hackensack, N.J. Brooklyn	"Cloud 9" acid	one	120 3.50	Cocaine	not a big mover	gm oz	75-125 2050-3000
Cocaine LSD	art blots	one one	7	Baton Rouge Kansas City	powdered toot Mex 'mersh	gm oz	100 25	Amphetamines	speedy relief	one	2
Hash oil Opium	popular at parties Turkish, tasty	gm gm	11 14	Eureka Springs, Ark.	red Leb hash	oz	120		VENEZUELA	4	
150	NAME OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY.			Longmont, Colo.	basement 'shrooms, dried	oz	150	Colombian 'mersh		oz	15
	MOROCCO	12000		National Mark				marijuana Colombian shake	by the bagful,	lb 100 lbs	100 5000
Cannabis pollen, double O	soft, chewy balls	B	100	U.S. sinsemilla	still in there	oz	110-225	Colombian gold	80% seeds bleached green	oz	30
powder Cannabis pollen,	like black	gm	.50	Commercial	green & fresh	oz	10-40	Colombian Punta	and gold	lb	150 25
first class powder	chewing gum	fb ^m	50-75	Mexican Top-grade	that's right,	lb oz	100-435 65-80	Roja	rest is here kickass fume	lb oz	350 20
Loose buds (kif)	8 inch buds, like Thai sticks	20 kilo	1 10	Mexican Mexican	Acapulco gold better and better	lb oz	750-800 100-135	Venezuelan rainbow pot		lb	200
Cocaine	from Amsterdam	gm	100	sinsemilla	too much, prices	lb oz	900-1250 35-45	Colombian coke	inferior grades mostly	gm	40
LSD	from West Germany, red	one	•	Jamaican	low	lb	375-450	Bolivian coke	pink or white flakes, uncut	gm	55
Amphetamines	stars, clear blots 'script Apetin	50	2.50	Jamaican sinsemilla	crackerjack when around	oz lb	70-100 700-1000	Peruvian fish scales	showcase blow, uncut	gm	60-70
	7. 7.			Commercial Colombian	ample	oz lb	30-40 265-350	Coca paste	"bazooka" to the locals, best buy	gm	20
	E NETHERLA		2/-	Connoisseur Colombian	on the rebound	oz lb	45-55 475-600	Lemmon 714's	Imported from	100	25
Commercial Colombian	nothing to write home about	kilo	2000	Thai sticks	doggy	one	10-25 160-190	LSD	Colombia European, tiles,	one	10-15
African buds	too seedy	gm	4 2000	Loose Thai	back in earnest	oz lb	160-220 1450-1950	Colombian hash	blots no shit, terrible	gm	20
Blond Leb hash	bottom of the line	gm kilo	7 4000	Hawaiian	rare	oz	160-250	Haitian hash	black, probably Moroccan via	gm	25
Moroccan hash	dried slabs	gm	8 4500	Moroccan hash	greenish black	lb oz	2700-3200 125-175	Magic	Jamaica Andean meanies,		free
Red Leb hash	funny, colorful	gm	10	Korean Pot	that's what	lb oz	1600-2000 175	mushrooms	everywhere		
Afghan hash	black, sticky,	gm kilo	6000 15	Lebanese hash	they say some past	lb oz	2200 100-130		VEST GERMA	NV	
Cocaine	heavenly rarely pure	gm	8000 150-200		its prime	lb oz	900-1450 150-200	Moroccan hash	fresh		7
LSD	blotter	100 gm one	10,000 4-6	Black Afghani hash	with gold seal	lb	1700-2300	12.712.112.112.11		E .	2000
Lau	Diotter	one	• •	Nepalese fingers	dreamy and aromatic	oz lb	175-225 1700-2500	Leb hash	reds, golds	oz oz	60
	PANAMA			Paki hash	bits and pieces	oz lb	165 1600-1900	Afghani hash	manhole cover- size slabs	E ^m	7 2000
Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	OZ 1b	150 1650-1750	'Shrooms	sillies & muskies, fresh	oz	20-40	Primo Afghani	black and beautiful	E ^m	10 3000
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but	lb oz	160	Peyote	tough to come	oz Ib	35-60	Homegrown pot	getting the hang of it	R ^m	5 1200
Panama red	stingy & stoney rarely red, usually	oz	1800 50-65	LSD	by right now Cloud 9 and Alien		300-500 2-4	LSD	very little	one	10
	green-brown	lb	560			100	150-300	Cocaine	available	gm	75

A B U S E F O L I O

ALPHA METHYL FENTANYL

aka: China white, fentanyl, synthetic heroin, synthetic AMF.

Medical advice by David Smith, M.D. Written by David Smith and Rick Seymour

CHARGES: Alpha methyl fentanyl, sold as a drug of deception for heroin, or mixed with heroin, is undetectable by standard diagnosis for opiate overdose. Clandestine labs producing analogues of fentanyl can eliminate the French, Persian or any other overseas connection, making current enforcement efforts against the international narcotics trade both meaningless and useless. The use of AMF exacerbates the current surge of heroin abuse among middle-class whites who have little or no experience with opiates.

NATURE AND USE: An analogue of fentanyl, which is an analgesic (painkilling) drug similar to morphine and used in hospitals under the brand names Lunovar and Sublimaze, alpha methyl fentanyl may be 1,000 times more potent than morphine. Obviously a powerful painkiller, AMF is but one of a nearly limitless series of easily synthesized narcotic analgesics. Some of its effects are similar to those of heroin, but AMF is not an opiate. It is a fully synthetic narcotic. Fentanyl, by itself, is a controlled drug, available only by prescription and administered by health professionals who can accurately control dosages. Its analogues, drugs like the original but with minor chemical changes, are not controlled. New ones could be developed as rapidly as the current ones could be made illegal. The implications of an ongoing chain of quasi-legal, easily manufactured "synthetic heroins" are an enforcement nightmare.

In December 1980, the fentanyl analogue appeared on the street in New York City. By January, it had appeared in San Francisco and Los Angeles as well. Billed as "China white," after a powerful and perhaps legendary strain of heroin from Southeast Asia, the drug is a yellowish white powder. Fentanyl travels directly to the brain after intravenous injection and binds to the "u" receptor, one of the several receptors occupied by heroin and morphine. Onset of action is very rapid and the effects last from 30 to 60 minutes. While most AMF is sold as heroin, a growing number of habitual users know generally what it is and call it synthetic. Because it is a synthetic, AMF does not respond to diagnostic tests for opiates. Tests for its presence are being developed. The drug is usually injected.

ECONOMICS: AMF is being sold in the same manner as Persian heroin, in small aluminum-foil packets. The smallest amount sold, a "tenth," costs about \$100. A tenth is said to contain enough for 20 to 30 doses for the nonaddicted user, about .01 to .05 mg per dose compared to a national average of 8 to 16 mg per dose of street heroin. Single-dose packets, costing \$5 apiece, have been reported.²

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES: With the strength of fentanyl analogues, there is great danger of overdose and death. This is especially true when they are sold as drugs of deception, or mixed with street heroin to "give it more pep." As with other misrepresented drugs, they may cause confusion in treatment centers where even the slightest delay in diagnosis can be fatal. Fluctuation in strength makes accurate "safe" dosages risky to ascertain. Although diagnostic tests are being developed, the presence of fentanyl in the body is still difficult to ascertain through urine, feces, saliva or blood tests. Fentanyl itself is a powerful synthetic narcotic-analgesic, legitimately manufactured in the United States under the brand name Sublimaze. Because of its rapid onset of action and short duration, it is used in obstetrical anesthesia. Addiction to fentanyl can occur, but we have seen this addiction primarily in health professionals. However, in late 1980, we began seeing China white, which contained AMF (ten times more powerful than regular fentanyl, 1,000 times more powerful than morphine). Because of its potency, this China white produced a number of overdose deaths in California and demonstrated a high level of addiction in the drug culture.3 Further, AMF is not the chemical which is legitimately manufactured, but rather is synthesized in illicit laboratories, demonstrating that such labs have a much higher level of technical skill in synthesizing drugs than previously thought.

FIRST-AID PLUS: Fentanyl overdose patients must be given immediate first aid including: cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR), artificial respiration and the administration of a narcotic antagonist such as Narcan. The line between coma and death is very narrow. Addiction to fentanyl should be managed like any other narcotic dependence, with appropriate medication for detoxification and an aftercare program to prevent relapse. Because of its potency, AMF withdrawal can be more severe on a dose-equivalent basis than heroin withdrawal, but qualitatively should be managed the same way.

The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

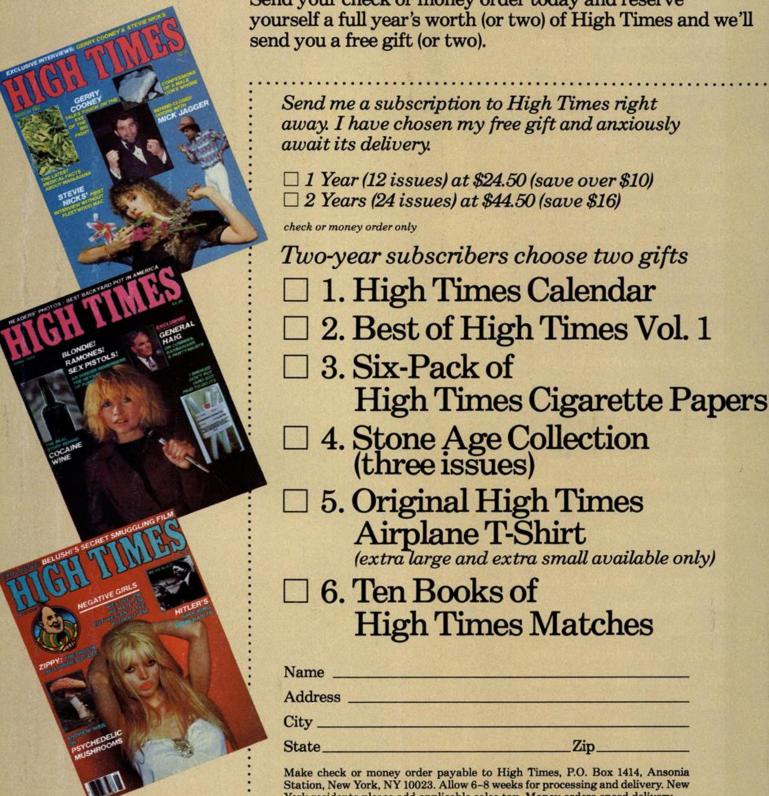
¹ Ayers, William, A., C.D.C.; Starsiak, Mary Jo, M.S., R.N.; Sokolay, Phil, M.S. "The Bogus Drug: Three Methyl and Alpha Methyl Fentanyl Sold as China White." *Journal of Psychoactive Drugs*, Vol. 13(1), 1981.

² Henderson, Gary, M.D. "China White, an Update on Identification and Testing." The PharmChem Newsletter, Vol. 11(1), 1982.

³ Inaba, Darryl, Pharm.D. Personal communication, April 1982.

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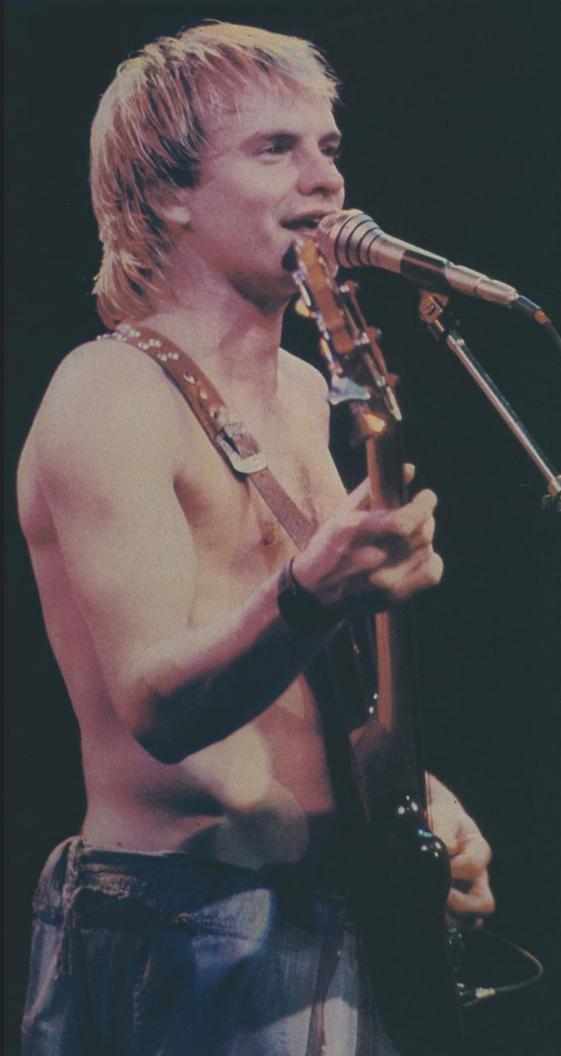
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It could be safely assumed one would think—that a fellow answering to the cognomen "Sting" would not be the sort of chap from whom you'd expect a spirited exegesis on the psychosocial sequelae of quantum physics. It may further be assumed that a rock 'n' roll bass player would find more personal satisfaction in discussing the relative merits of groupie pussy than in stating the historical imperative behind the Hegelian dialectic.

Well, assumptions are a lot like opinions, which in turn are a lot like assholes, in that everybody's got 'em and they're all erroneous. Lucky for us, then, it was our resident philosopher-queen, Liz Derringer, who caught up with the tutelary genius of the Police, and once she explained to us exactly what it was he said, everything was jake.

"I have no desire to become John Travolta or whatever."



STING SPEAKS

The chief of Police feels he has a responsibility to do more than just wiggle his ass and look cute. There's a message in his bottle.

HIGH TIMES: At the beginning of your career, when money was tight, the Police were on a so-called budget tour. What was that all about?

STING: There was a lot of talk about that as if it was planned that way, but basically it was the only alternative we had other than signing on the dole and just vegetating, just saying forget it. So our great so-called plan was all we had. It paid off. Rather than going to the record company and asking for a huge advance, and living like pseudo pop stars with limousines and drugs, we just went about our business, and treated it like a job.

HIGH TIMES: And what about now? Is it the fabled rock-star life of limousines and

STING: Well, we've got limousines and a comfortable life, but not an outrageous life. We're not terribly decadent or hedonistic. I'm not personally interested in the rock lifestyle. It doesn't suit me, I don't have much in common with it.

HIGH TIMES: Is that why you are an actor

STING: I don't know if I'm an actor yet. I'm in films. I think it's a craft that you have to learn over years and years. Then you end up as an actor. I was in four movies and I'm still a novice. I do it largely to get out of the rock 'n' roll world, I suppose. It's an escape

HIGH TIMES: What is the new film you just completed?

STING: It's called Brimstone and Treacle. It was written by Dennis Potter-he wrote Pennies from Heaven. A very interesting script, very funny and very black. I read so many scripts, so I know a good one. There are so many bad ones. This leaps off the page and strangles you, it's so good.

HIGH TIMES: Whom do you play?

STING: I play the lead opposite Lady Olivier. It's a fun film, I have high hopes for it. It's so off the wall, it's so left field. The danger was I was offered all sorts of blockbuster musicals, and they didn't interest me in the least. I have no desire to become John Travolta or whatever.

HIGH TIMES: You used to be a teacher, which is kind of hard to believe now. What did you teach?

STING: I qualified as an English teacher, but

I ended up teaching soccer and music in a school where I taught ten-year-olds. [Laughs.]

HIGH TIMES: Why did you start to play music?

STING: I had a good ear for it, I suppose. My mother was a piano player but it wasn't a terribly musical house. I think I just took it up because I could do it. I started off playing guitar. I took up the bass when I was about seventeen or eighteen.

HIGH TIMES: You were playing jazz then, right?

STING: Yeah, I played jazz up till I was about twenty-five. I'd never been in a rock group, I never really had much interest in

HIGH TIMES: I understand you don't like rock music much, Led Zeppelin and the

STING: I found the music turgid, moronic. They're fine as people. I don't want to say they're morons. They weren't my kind of heroes, if you like. My heroes are much more literary. James Joyce and Lawrence, people like that, because I wrote English at university. I wasn't into rock music. The Police were the first rock group I ever played in.

HIGH TIMES: And that came about when you met Stewart Copeland.

STING: Yeah, it was a happy accident. Stewart was a rock 'n' roll drummer, and we got together and it was the right decision and the right chemistry. It was instinctual-it seemed right.

HIGH TIMES: What do you say when people ask how you could go from playing jazz to rock 'n' roll while keeping your integrity? STING: Well, I wasn't only playing jazz. I've had a very lucky musical career. I've played all kinds of different music. I've played in dance bands with the penguin suit on. I've backed the most awful cabaret artists. I played in a theater in the pit. I played in modern jazz groups, mainstream jazz groups, I played Dixieland, I played in a big band. In a sense I'm much luckier than most rock musicians that only played rock music. Even though you play the most hideous jobs, with a penguin suit on, playing awful tunes, you learn. You learn a lot more than playing the Led Zeppelin riffs that everyone comes up with. And I think if I brought anything new and fresh to the music scene, it's that; it's from a different area of music.

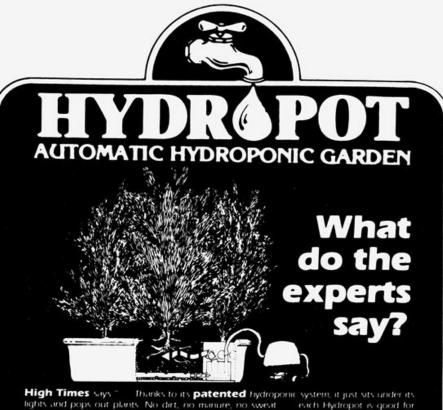
HIGH TIMES: You've been traveling around the world lately and your music reflects it. You've said that music is the international language.

STING: I think music is a very cohesive force in society, much more than people give it credit for. It is an international language, but it is also a cohesive force in a city like New York. I can see it onstage. I see twenty thousand people acting as one. Music seems to tap the collective subconscious, if you like, of vast numbers of people at the same time, using a very simple tonal code. I find that power awesome, and I don't underestimate it. I'm not saying I'm powerful; I'm saying that I have the ability to transmit this thing that's floating around. It's all to do with the unconscious, and the desire to be cohesive. Societies like to be cohesive. I mean, there are things in our society that are pulling us apart very strongly but music is one of the things that works against that, which I suppose is philosophically why I remain a musician and always

HIGH TIMES: You've stated that the Police aren't trying to solve world problems, just trying to live with them. Your latest album, Ghosts in the Machine, interjects a bit more about sociological problems than your previous albums. Does that sort of thing come from traveling and seeing the world first-

STING: Not from traveling so much as growing up. I'm an adult now. I'm thirty years old. I see the world facing problems it's never had to face before. Like we never had the ability to blast ourselves out of existence before. Therefore we've reached an age of crisis, if you like, which has no historical precedent. And therefore the time of the jolly minstrel is over. The Barry Manilows of the world are merely a placebo, and if music has any real strength, it has to be backed up by thoughtful dialectic. Oh, what am I trying to say—there's no time left to be silly. Each of us has to get serious about the future. I don't care about the future of the group or the future of pop music. I care about the future of the world. Will it exist in five years' time? Because there's ev-

NTERVIEW Liz Derringer



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	cent side lighting bwth — 1 lb. g & Potency — 1 lt take 10% off for CA Resid Handling, and Bre Visa M/C Acct. #	S89.95 S 26.95 cent side lighting] S29.95 cwth—1 lb. S13.00 Subtotal take 10% off for 3 or more items. CA Residents Add 6% Tax Handling, and Breakage Insurance Total Visa M/C Exp.,Date Acct. #	S 29.95 Dowth — 1 lb. S12.00 g & Potency — 1 lb. S13.00 Subtotal take 10% off for 3 or more items. CA Residents Add 6% Tax Handling, and Breakage Insurance Total Visa M/C Exp., Date Acct. #

ery feasibility that it won't, unless we do something drastic. It's not up to governments, mass ideologists, to try and solve the problem. The problem lies in here and in there. [Points to both our heads.] It's basically a personal responsibility to see the world problems.

HIGH TIMES: In your position you are able to make any statement you want to, and obviously a lot of people listen.

STING: Well, we have a forum for almost anything, and instead of saying, "Hey, man, where are the drugs?" and lie about and be wasteful, I feel I have a duty to perform. And people ask me about my thoughts or what provokes the songs. I have to act and sound reasonable. [Laughs.] I really do. It must sound a bit heavy-handed and a bit grand, and maybe I take myself too seriously, but I don't have any choice now. I just feel that we are on a time bomb and we all have to take ourselves a bit more seriously than we have done. It's more than just a placebo, it's more than just party, party, party. It's something a bit heavier.

HIGH TIMES: Since you do take things so seriously, it's good that you occupy your mind so well. Do you consider yourself a workaholic?

STING: Yes, definitely. It's probably a pathological problem. I suppose I'm neurotic and it channels itself. I'm not out of control. But it's something I need to do to keep myself occupied, to stop me from getting out of control. I like to work.

HIGH TIMES: One would think so. You make movies, you play and write music, you even write two hundred words a day. That's amazing.

STING: I don't sleep very much. [Laughs.] **HIGH TIMES:** The song "Spirits in the Material World"-how did that come about?

STING: It's an idea I've been carrying around with me for a long time. I feel that society is making us increasingly machinelike, treating us like cogs. It's all down to quantum physics, if you really want to get into it. [Laughs.] Quantum physics has reached a point of clarity, a point of knowledge where we've dematerialized matter. There's no such thing as the atom anymore. The atom was the basis of mechanistic nineteenth-century physics. Everything had a solid base, everything was built up in a systematic way. But at the core of it there was a solid thing, an atom that you couldn't split. Therefore everything was a machine, the universe is a machine, we're all machines. Most political ideologies are based on that fallacy. Now in the twentieth century we split the atom, we've dematerialized matter. There's no such thing as a hard surface at all-it's an illusion. Having dematerialized matter, we also dematerialized everything that was built up around that fallacy, like political ideologies, like the belief in ourselves as machines, as robots. We're not, we're much more sophisticated. Quantum physics, which is the knife's edge of science—scientific progress, if you like has reached a point where it's said the par-

"The time of the jolly minstrel is over. The Barry Manilows of the world are merely placebos."

ticles within an atom have qualities which only can be described as magic. They don't exist in time or space; they're magic! And they have terms—they call them quarks and they have what you call strangeness. It's entered the realm of the alchemists. Science has become magic.

HIGH TIMES: "Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic."

STING: Well, that. [Laughs.] In an oblique way. So in a sense we're not machines at all; we are much more sophisticated. Political ideologies are a fallacy—they won't solve anything. We have to treat ourselves as spirits and each other as being much more magical and special than your average motor car.

HIGH TIMES: Tell me about some of your travels. You were in Egypt.

STING: Cairo is a hideous mess, but then again you look at the pyramids and they are so beautiful, so profoundly beautiful. I remember riding around the pyramids under the moonlight on a horse. It was like a dream.

HIGH TIMES: Where else have you been that you like?

STING: India. It probably had the most profound effect on me. It was so different, so alien to our Western ties. It's like another planet. Different value system, different culture.

HIGH TIMES: Before, you said that you didn't think your music could change the world. But with strong convictions and ideals like yours, you probably can have an effect. The Beatles certainly did, don't you agree?

STING: Uh-hmm. You've got to chip away. Whether you succeed or not is beside the point. It's just a matter of chipping away at it. You might get lucky.

HIGH TIMES: Joe Perry from Aerosmith said rock stars, baseball players and religious leaders were in the unique position of being able to get together the masses, like filling up a stadium of a hundred thousand or more people. Just think what could be done with that power.

STING: Not to be abused. If you do abuse it, you'd have a lot to answer for. But that's not my object at the moment. I remain true to my ideals.

HIGH TIMES: Maybe someday your intelligence will become evil and you'll take over the world. [Laughs.]

STING: I'll become Ronald Reagan. He's a bad actor, isn't that what he was elected for? I don't think he is a very intelligent man. I don't like isolationists. I find it naive. The statement of "When we solve our own problems, then we'll solve the world's problems": The opposite is true. For example, we need to feed the Third World before we worry about the growth rate in the United States. The reason our industries are collapsing around our ears is that there is no market for them. Economically, it makes sense to invest in a potential market, which is the Third World. Ethically, we have to feed them.

HIGH TIMES: Why did you get into ethnic music?

STING: Right now I'm a musician. I like all kinds of music. I don't like all the sludge that comes out of the radio now, but I like most pure forms of music.

HIGH TIMES: What's some of your favorite music?

STING: If I have to listen to music, I'm a real square. I listen to Mozart. I like jazz—Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, Cannonball Adderly. As far as pop music, I like odd things. I like the Human League. They're big at the moment in England. I don't like much pop

music. I don't see much, I'm too busy.

HIGH TIMES: What do you do at home to relax?

STING: Talk to my son, Joseph, a lot. He's five years old.

HIGH TIMES: I heard that your wife is pregnant again—true?

STING: Yeah, I don't know how I do it, I'm

always so busy.

HIGH TIMES: Does she travel with you a

STING: Yes and no. She doesn't like sort of being an appendage to my life. She's very much her own person. She's an actress,

HIGH TIMES: Is it true that the name Sting came from a yellow and black T-shirt you used to wear?

very well established.

STING: Yeah, many years ago. I was about seventeen. A trombone player in a band decided to call me Sting one night and the name just stuck. It was funny at the time. Everybody who got to know me from then on called me Sting. It wasn't something that I adopted. It was just given to me. I couldn't escape.

HIGH TIMES: Has your life changed since all this success?

STING: In the past six months I've changed a lot. I'm much more open to suggestions than I ever was before. I've tended to be blinkered a lot. I've had aims and I've gone for them, and nothing else has mattered.

continued



"I found Led Zeppelin music turgid, moronic. They're fine as people but not my kind of heroes."

Now I've reached a sort of hiatus plateau in my life. I just want to look around and look for the next ladder to climb. I'm just very open now, where I used to be very guarded. HIGH TIMES: Do you think success has anything to do with your change in attitude? STING: Success and having coped with it reasonably well. Success is a double-edged sword and it can destroy you or it can make you. I think it's done a bit of both to me. It's destroyed a bit of my past, but maybe that is a good thing. It's destroyed a lot of things I had a lot of faith in, the whole permanence of things. But I'm a very different person now because of it and I ultimately think I'll be thankful for that.

HIGH TIMES: Just from knowing about you and talking to you, I get the feeling that in twenty years you won't wind up like Elvis and other rock stars.

STING: I think I am lucky because success happened to me very late. I was twenty-six before we made it, so I had a whole different attitude. I wasn't a nineteen-year-old

presented with the hedonistic pleasures of a Roman emperor, so I was obviously affected differently.

HIGH TIMES: Do you take vacations on your time off?

STING: No, I've never had a vacation. I don't really need one. I think a change is as good as a rest. Making a film is a refreshing process from touring. After two days of vacation, I'd get bored. I get really uptight.

HIGH TIMES: You have to go for it while you can.

STING: Speaking commercially, we need to nail America to the floor. The opportunity is there, so why not do it. America is the last bastion of Police resistance to us. It's a big country and there is a lot of inertia here for accepting new things. They tend to be very loyal to the old, which isn't a bad thing, but it's very hard for a new group to really break.

HIGH TIMES: "Roxanne"—how did those lyrics come about?

STING: I love the name Roxanne; it has a

great literary history. Roxanne was the name of the woman in the life of Cyrano de Bergerac. That's one of my favorite stories. I remember being in Paris in a very sleazy part of town, and I remember there were a lot of working girls on the street, and I'd never seen it before because in England you never see it, they're not allowed on the street. They exist, but it's behind closed doors. Since I'd never seen it before, it just had a very profound effect on me. My imagination started to work.

HIGH TIMES: Where did you grow up? What part of England?

STING: A place called Newcastle, which is a very industrial town in the north. I'm from a working-class background.

HIGH TIMES: When you were a child in England, did you have dreams of becoming famous?

STING: No, I never had aspirations to be a performer. A musician, yes. But I never really wanted to be a pop star, which I suppose is unusual. That's one of the reasons I came in late.

HIGH TIMES: One last question: Since you do write, prose or whatever, will we ever see "The Sting Story"?

STING: Well, I do keep a journal every day. I write about two hundred words a day. Sometimes it's jibberish, sometimes it's reasonably coherent. I do it to keep the writing muscle flexible. And when I have a subject to write about, I suppose I'll do it. Maybe better than someone who never wrote.

HIGH TIMES: Any ideas what it would be about?

STING: No, I'm still growing and I'm still learning. I suppose one's first novel is always about oneself. When I'm objective enough and I've lived enough, I suppose I'll write about myself. After that maybe something else. Maybe I'd be no good at it, but it doesn't stop me from trying. I'll try anything, really.

HIGH TIMES: Anything that you haven't tried that you'd like to do?

STING: No.

HIGH TIMES: No special fantasies? Now I'm prying.

STING: You mean about my sexuality?

HIGH TIMES: I didn't say that, but I'll take anything.

STING: It's very strong. Once a girl writer asked me very candidly what my favorite sex position was. I told her. I spent half an hour telling her the most outrageous things which couldn't possibly be true, but she took it all down and wrote it, and the irony just escaped her totally. When I told her about the frogman outfit, she couldn't take it. You know, the headline, "Sting wears a frogman outfit!" I don't, but it's a funny idea.

HIGH TIMES: Maybe it's funny, but it sounds difficult to me.

STING: Well, that's the whole idea, isn't it. HIGH TIMES: Well, you'd have to bring along a pocketknife or something.

STING: This conversation's getting interesting. Maybe you shouldn't tape this! □





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CONFESSIONS OF A PORN QUEEN

by CANDIDA ROYALLE

olding on for dear life to a single rope, I let gravity pull on my body as my feet, placed in leather stirrups attached to the rope, began to rise until my legs formed a perfect split. Looming three stories below was a hard, cold marble floor, many gaping spectators and a guy laid out on velvet pillows waiting for me to be gracefully lowered and eased onto his waiting stiff cock.

I am not a professional stunt woman. I am an erotic film actress who happens to come from the "I'll try anything once" school. So when the director of Ultra Flesh, an attractive blond Russian-born woman, began looking for an actress to do this stunt, I decided to put my several years of classical training to use, and volunteered for the feat. But when it came time to crawl out onto the wooden beam extended between two balcony railings and lower myself onto this flimsy contraption, even the reassuring words of our stunt director (who regularly directed Linda "Wonder Woman" Carter's stunts) didn't do much for my sudden case of acrophobia. My body began to sweat and shake all over. My head grew dizzy. I didn't know how I was going to go through with this. But I had committed myself, and better to crash gallantly to the floor than crawl back sheepishly to safety in front of all these expectant people.

Once out there, I was surprised to feel my body relax into this contorted position. As the rope started slowly turning and I extended one arm into a dancelike pose, I began to feel the thrill of what I was doing. I felt magnificent floating midair in a grand pose, all eyes fixed on me, a goddess descending from the stars to bring pleasure to a man waiting eagerly below.

Contrary to what the final version would like you to believe, trying to land right on an erect cock waiting a distance of three floors below was hardly goddesslike, let alone possible. It took several takes and many cuts in action, and was not pleasurable from this end. Strictly Hollywood. Don't try it at home.

Now you may wonder how I ever found myself willing to fuck on camera, let alone do this acrobatic sex shtick.

I began doing porn movies for the same reason anyone else gets into the sex business-money. I was a cabaret singer/entertainer at the time, a notoriously low paying profession. So I combed the classifieds and came up with "cheesecake modeling." That's when I met Sherman, my first agent.

"Would you be interested in doing pornographic films?"

At first shocked and insulted, having never seen one, I reconsidered upon hearing about the money that could be made. After all, I was a rather "liberated" young woman, and always a "natch" onstage. At that he proceeded to explain that before he could send me on any interviews he would have to make certain that I was not "uptight."

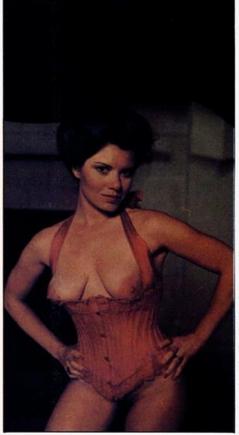
"How do you do that?" I asked suspiciously.

"Well," he answered, "you could give me some head...or if you're shy, I could give you some head. Just to see how you respond, of course."

I responded by picking up my coat and leaving.

I probably wouldn't have even considered doing porn after my first experience with Sherman if I hadn't been exposed to the making of a rather nice quality, highbudgeted film called Cry for Cindy.

One of the male leads was my boyfriend. Just a meagerly paid musician himself, Danny had already found extra bucks in the X industry and had landed a nice role in this film. Through his involvement I got to see the less seedy, higher-quality side of the sex film industry. There I met Hollywood producers and directors who "moonlighted" as pornographers when they weren't working on regular features. Contrary to my preconceived ideas, they didn't just rent a cheap hotel room and go in there with two junkies who needed a fix and a crew of two. There were sound men, gaffers, a production manager and his "go-fers," a script and a script girl, a clothing mistress, a makeup artist, gorgeous actresses and dashing leading men.



Especially dashing leading men! You see, Danny didn't want me to follow his lead into sex films for no other reason than the ol' double standard. But when I saw the two gorgeous blondes he was getting to screw on this film, I kissed old standards good-bye and decided to see what I could score and get paid for at the same time. It was only extra added encouragement when handsome John Leslie, the eternal leading man of erotic films, swooped me up at one of my first auditions and offered to "teach me the ropes."



HIGH TIMES 39





WAS ALL 13 INCHES OF JOHNNY HOLMES REALLY GOING TO BE ABLE TO FIT INTO LITTLE ME?

Unfortunately, the road to decent agents and good film parts is often lined with a few bad apples. Just like with "legit" Hollywood movies, there are always a few sleazy degenerates hanging around the periphery waiting to take what they can get from naive girls who need work badly enough to put up with being humiliated.

Jimmy was one of these. He had a regular gig going where he'd crank out about five "loops" a day for maybe a whole week out of each month. (Loops are anything from the 8mm peep shows for a quarter, to the 16mm films you can buy for home use.) For X-rated actors and actresses that meant guaranteed "pin money" each month. Of course, if you were becoming a star, you didn't dare let on that you exposed your rosy pink buns to such meager-paying, low-caliber garbage. Even the porn industry has its echelons, and, clearly, 15-minute, silent

fuck and suck loops where the girl always gets it in the face are definitely on the bottom rung.

I had decided that I would try performing in one of these loops to see if I could handle making it in front of a camera. I figured if people wanted "proof," I could at least get paid for my "test." But that's not what Jimmy figured. Like Sherman, he had other ideas. Only his schemes brought him not only personal gratification, but financial rewards as well. He would get these girls that come in absolutely green, and have them posing all day, just to "see if they could do it." An overweight, sloppy-looking man, he would stand before the girl and look intently into his camera, while verbally prodding her along.

"Ooh yes, that's it! Spread your legs wide. Show me that pussy. Lick your lips. Look right into the camera."

After making the girls pose for a while, he would request some shots of them peeing in the toilet. We all thought he was just a bit weird and most of us would refuse. Apparently, there's quite a market for "golden showers."

Then, to wrap up his little "interview," he would request that the girl give him head while he photographed the action from above. Now, as I mentioned earlier, I was lucky enough to have known people in the business and had been forewarned of his shenanigans. But I know of enough women who submitted themselves to this to guess that there were plenty of gullible girls, or, should I say, sorry suckers.

It wasn't long before I was booked to do Jimmy's loops. I showed up bright and early with the requested minidress, bikini panties and lots of red lip gloss. After dressing and making up, I was handed a pair of black thigh-high stockings. He thought they were extremely sexy, but I always felt like a sausage because of the way the elastic

dug into my thighs.

There was always a bit of time before the cameras rolled when the actors and actresses would meet and begin "getting to know each other." It was then that you first knew whether this would be genuinely enjoyable, or time for a good acting job. This being my "virgin" experience, everyone was trying to be gentle and supportive. The actor, whose name honestly escapes me now, was a real veteran pro of films, and probably the nicest guy I could've started with. Though he wasn't really my type, he was handsome enough with a very nice body for me to at least not mind making love to him. As I sat down on the loud paisley pillows Jimmy always used (a leftover from when he was a famous light-show artist in the '60s), my partner, let's call him Ron, began to caress me gently and tell me how pretty I looked. It was an extra turn-on for

an actor to be presented with "virgin" talent, but for me it felt very awkward to be attempting "romance" in front of two strange men setting up lights and cameras.

Finally it was time. The standard "plot": Boy on couch fondling himself; girl enters frame; boy lights up with expectation and invites girl to join him; they begin hugging and kissing.

Jimmy instructed us as we went along: "Now spread your legs and let your dress fall back. Good. Now I want you two to begin undressing each other." By this time we were both wearing my bright red lip gloss. I had still to learn the real porn kiss: all tongue and no lips.

"Now pull out one of her breasts and begin kissing and sucking. Great! Ch, look at those nipples! Get them real ha.d." (On some shoots they provide ice cubes so that you can start with hard nipples.) "Now unzip his pants and take out his cock. Are you hard, Ron? Can you give me a stiff cock right away?" He's hard. "Great! Now Candida, I want you to go down and suck his cock, nice long strokes. No! Don't block the action with your hands. Let's see the whole cock standing up nice and straight. Good. No! Don't hide him with your face. Cheat to the camera. We want to see your pretty face while you do it." I was about to learn how to give a blow job from one side

"No, no! Don't look at the camera!" Of all rules, this is the most important in porn: Never, never look into the camera. It breaks the fantasy for the viewer. And it means more work for the editor who will then have to insert another piece of film to cover the cut in action.

After a bit of cock sucking, my stud was



Jarco



instructed to remove my panties. Lying back on the large paisley pillows, I presented my first vertical smile for all the world to see and enjoy. After a bit of finger insertion, he was then told to go down and perform cunnilingus from above the pussy. It helped if they had five-inch tongues. Though I was supposed to appear as if I were enraptured with desire, at that point all I could think about was whether my stomach looked flat, whether my "jewel" smelled pretty, and those damned stockings that were making my thighs resemble liver pâté oozing out of a tube. It didn't make me feel much better when Jimmy commented on the generous growth of hair around my pussy. I hadn't yet learned that girls in porn movies never have more than a few pubic hairs, looking more like prepubescent virgins than fully developed women.

Finally, it was time for the old in and out. In porn, the favorite position has the girl sitting on top facing the camera so that you can get a good clear look at the penis going into the vagina while the skewered actress fondles her breasts and licks her lips. After a bit of this rather uncomfortable screwing, we were instructed to change positions. The cameras were usually stopped at these points in order to rehearse the change. Consequently, the guy often lost his hard-on during rehearsals, necessitating my first lesson in "keeping them up," which inevitably led to sore mouth muscles and blistered palms. In higher-budgeted films a "fluffer" is called in for those services. A fluffer is a girl who's paid to be on the set expressly for the purpose of keeping the actors hard. In loops, the actresses are the fluffers, a situation sometimes abused by our fellow actors.

The next and final position was often the doggie style. Since this was my first time, Jimmy decided to spare me the traditional sperm facial. Instead I would receive it on my ass, a favorite part of my anatomy amongst filmmakers. This was perhaps the only time I was able to feel any sort of pleasure, since this position usually made one look good, thus relieving me of my worries, and allowed, for the first time during filming, free-flowing insertion without stress on the legs. For an instant I could close my eyes and enjoy the feeling, knowing my partner would come soon and it would be all over

The way they handle the "cum shots" is once they've gotten enough footage of the actual screwing, they shut off the lights, leave the room and wait till the actor desperately screams, "I'm ready!" allowing maybe 15 seconds to quickly turn on the lights and start the camera. This is the most anxiety-producing moment of filming, for if the actor should dare to lose control and come before giving notice, it could mean endless hours spent waiting for him to be ready again. Not advisable when you have schedules to keep and people wanting to get continued on page 67

Why Sinsemilla Costs So Fucking Much

by Dean Latimer, Sordid Affairs Editor

s the Sordid Affairs Editor at HIGH TIMES, it frequently so happens that I am called upon to deliver an expert opinion regarding certain illicit drugs.

"Hey, Dean," a gentleman who tanks up after work in the same overpriced, stodgy midtown tavern as I each evening asked me some little while back, "what's Thai Stick?"

"Thai sticks? That's seedless marijuana grown in Thailand."

"Marijuana?" he asked skeptically.

"It just so happens," said I proudly, for it was even so, "I have a couple buds of *stickless* Thai on me, imported authentically from Bangkok, at this moment. Here, take a whiff," I invited, uncapping the plastic film can and gesturing in the direction of his nose.

He recoiled as though I'd suddenly magicked up a puff adder out of my jacket sleeve. "No, that's okay, I'll take your word for it."

I was puzzled. "It's just grass," I emphasized, taking a long emerald skunky whiff out of the can for reassurance. "The sweet little people in Thailand take special care to butcher all the male plants in their crop as soon as they bud, so they get all-female seedless reefer at harvest, two to three times stronger than mixed-sex reefer. Then those sweet little Thai people hand-pat the buds flat, every single one individually, and layer them carefully so's they don't sweat together in the bottom of the slow boat between Bangkok and Vancouver."

"I heard a girl overdosed on it a couple days ago. Dead."

"Overdosed on what?"

"On Thai Stick."

Total flabbergast. "Uh, Thai sticks are marijuana. Nobody ever OD'd on marijuana."

"Well, I dunno. I just heard it was Thai Stick, that's all."

Thai Stick. As it turned out, I knew the girl in question, very slightly. She died of an embolism, the coroner ultimately reported; but she was young enough, about eight different kinds of street drugs were associated with her demise, by neighborhood word of mouth, before the official report came down. And one of the drugs was what everybody seemed to be calling by the consistent misnomer, "Thai Stick," as though this were some weird new bathtubchemistry kind of PCP that had just hit the streets: "Thai Stick."

But it all cleared up considerably for me, weeks later, when I belatedly learned that the national TV after-dinner news media had been broadcasting all kinds of lurid pot-scare propaganda right about the time that girl croaked, to promote the passage in California of a special "Thai Stick" bill. "Thai Stick," right, that's where the term came from.

The California Bureau of Narcotics Control and the federal Drug Enforcement Administration want to pass this "Thai Stick" law so that they can send up growers, dealers and smokers of homegrown California sinsemilla marijuana for full predecriminalization prison terms. Under this proposal, anybody caught holding seedless grass of more than 2 percent THC content gets screwed. To sell it to the honest folks of California, these pot-scare specialists call it "Thai Stick" legislation, to conjure up the immemorial and irrefragable West Coast prejudice against slanteyed Chinky-Chinamen feeding narcotics to Caucasian children so's to sexually molest and industrially exploit them in their legendary hand laundries and chop suey dens.

And they did such a great job with this pornographic anti-pot propaganda that the electronic whores of "ABC Nightline" and so on picked it up and titillated and horrified the nation with it for a week, between six-figure commercial slots for nonbiodegradable tinted toilet tissue and privately operated internal-combustion vehicles. That week a girl in my neighborhood suddenly died from spontaneous complications of a formerly premorbid circulatory disorder, and it got blamed—by sophisticated Manhattanites of my own beloved generation—on Thai-stick marijuana. Not that she had ever been known to *smoke* Thai sticks, even by her two-year roommate... Christ, this must be happening nowadays

all over the country every time a kid drops dead . . .

Coincidentally, at just about the same time as I was slowly going absolutely berserk over this insanity, someone mailed to the Sordid Affairs desk a partial transcript of a criminal case at law involving sinsemilla marijuana. They gave no indication who they were, or what exactly the case was about, or even in what jurisdiction it was being tried. Typical Sordid Affairs material. It appears to involve the eminent top-dollar dope defense attorney Mr. Ray Silverstreak, Esq., and some business with 104,000 Thai sticks busted somewhere out West, and it seems to have a happy ending.

Anyhow, it made me feel better to read it. I hope it does the same

for you.

MR. SILVERSTREAK: The defense now calls Mr. Haman Budplucker to the stand. [*The witness is sworn and seated.*] Mr. Budplucker, you are a resident of the state of California, county of Humboldt, are you not?

THE WITNESS: I am, sir.

Q. Now sir, I ask you if you were convicted in the year 1980, in the state of California, of the crime of the manufacture and cultivation with intent to sell a Schedule One Controlled Substance?

A. I was, yes.

- Q. And what was the precise nature of this controlled substance, sir?
- A. Sinsemilla marijuana. [The word "sinsemilla" is spelled for the Recorder.]
- Q. Sinsemilla marijuana. That's a Spanish term meaning "no seeds," isn't it?

A. That's right.

- Q. And in fact, the arresting officers testified for the record in your case that there were no seeds to be found at all among the seven tons of marijuana which they seized in your curing shed. Correct? A. "Not a seed in a semiload of it," that's what they said. Damn fine weed, sir.
- Q. No seeds. Now, it requires considerable skill and expertise to bring up that much marijuana without a single seed in it, doesn't it, Mr. Budplucker?

A. Damned hard work, sir. Terrible effort.

- Q. Haven't you and all the other growers and merchandisers of sinsemilla marijuana been extensively criticized, by legions of marijuana consumers, for overpricing your weed outrageously and arbitrarily?
- A. God, you hear no end of it. Thing is, they do all this bellyaching about high prices, but they don't *look* to see the reason for it, and it's right there in their Baggies, the damn dumb addlepated doped-out bunch of—

THE COURT: Take it easy, Mr. Budplucker. You're out of the

business now forever, or at least that promise was the condition of your early good-time release from Atascadero, I understand.

THE WITNESS: Aw-hem! Sorry, Ed, it just really gets my goat to hear all that damn donner and blitzen over high-priced seedless. Thing is, look here. You go along for years selling regular commercial weed, maybe two percent THC, brought up in Colombia, moved in through Miami or Pamlico, stored and broken down and trucked in ki's to Berkeley, and stored again and broken down and brought up to you in pound bricks. And you break the bricks down to zees, and retail them around to your regular customers. You follow, Your Honor?

THE COURT: Are you trying to put us entirely to sleep? What's this "zee" refer to?

MR. SILVERSTREAK: "Ounce," Your Honor. The witness is speaking of sinsemilla marijuana which is so powerful, and so expensive, that it's merchandised in quantities of half an ounce, or even a quarter ounce.



Under the proposed "Thai Stick" law, anybody caught holding seedless grass of more than 2 percent THC gets screwed.

THE COURT: Proceed.

THE WITNESS: Now, what with all the smugglers and ware-housers and drivers and cops and lawyers that have to be paid, all down the line, you wind up charging forty dollars for an *ounce* of dried-up old seed-ridden Dago reefer with white specks of aspergillus on it. And *didn't* they used to carry on and bellyache about that, until they got used to it?

THE COURT: Boy, did they ever.

THE WITNESS: So finally one year you say, hell, why not cut out all them fool middlemen? And by a couple seasons later, you're bringing up the prettiest, daintiest, greenest little sinsemilla sweeties in all creation. Come harvest, you cure it and bag it in zees, and go do your usual rounds. Let's say Lester Pester over in Eureka, now he's been buying a zee of Colombian off you every three weeks, on schedule, for forty dollars, for years. And since he's a friend and all, you charge him the same for this weed your whole family busted their asses over all fall. Because you're *friends!* Don't it just make your ass burn white when you think about them ungrateful, doped-out—

THE COURT: Aw-hem, Mr. Budplucker.

THE WITNESS: Okay, Lester Pester of Eureka has his zee of seedless weed. Now, three weeks later, you go by Lester's place as

usual, all faithful, making your deliveries on schedule. And Lester, he says, "Aw, hell, Ham, I don't need no reefer this week. I still got half, two-thirds left out of that last lid, man. That is some fine, knock-your-socks-off weed, man, you know? Blame fine powerful reefer there. You all come on back maybe Tuesday after next, and I'll be set for a refill. Right on, good buddy. Say hi to Sarah and the kids." THE COURT: I think I catch your drift now, Ham. And when you return to Lester Pester in Eureka a week from Tuesday?

THE WITNESS: You caught it all right, Your Honor. Old Lester here, he still wants to pay just forty dollars for his lid of grass, only you just *lost* forty dollars, because it took him twice as long, and then some, to get through your lid of seedless. So you *got* to charge him eighty dollars a zee now, just to barely break even, and that's when the bitching and bellyaching start. And like I say, you hear just no end of that in the sinsemilla business. Almighty damn, you have to make up all these tomfool stories about how much money you supposedly spent camouflaging and booby-trapping your pot patch against the helicopter potnappers—

MR. SILVERSTREAK: Let's try for a simple equation, Mr. Budplucker. You're growing seedless marijuana which is at least twice as potent as ordinary seeded marijuana, correct? What does the term "potency" mean in this connection, sir?

A. It refers to the relative content of the cannabinoid delta-nine tetrahydrocannabinol in the aggregate herbaceous plant material, sir.

Q. Then your sinsemilla marijuana, containing over twice as much delta-nine THC content as ordinary seeded marijuana, conveys a "high" that is more than twice as intense, per quantity of aggregate plant material smoked. Is that your observation?

A. Both in my own subjective estimation, and from my close and extensive observation of other individuals, yes, sir.

Q. To summarize, then. Your sinsemilla marijuana, twice as potent as seeded marijuana, is bought half as frequently by your customers. True, Mr. Budplucker?

A. Essentially. Sometimes it's even worse.

Q. Why do you think it takes them twice as long to get through an ounce of your double-proof weed, Ham?

A. Several factors. They roll smaller joints. They smoke less at each smoking session. They smoke less frequently. The great majority of them only smoke my sinsemilla marijuana on special occasions, like parties or first-date seductions or a new *Star Wars* release, and smoke ordinary commercial seeded marijuana otherwise. Q. Now let's project, Mr. Budplucker. Suppose that your sinsemilla marijuana became as prevalent in the United States as ordinary seeded marijuana, at a similar price per ounce. Would that cause any dramatic change in broad social patterns of marijuana use, with consequent impact on the epidemiology of health risks

associated in the research literature with marijuana smoking?

A. Well, people would smoke a *lot* less marijuana, in terms of marijuana as a crude, compound herbaceous drug preparation. They would thus reduce the chronic intake into their respiratory tracts of nonpharmacological "tars"—polynuclear aromatic hydrocarbons, water-soluble cytotoxins and other potentially toxic nondrug fractions of crude vegetable smoke.

Q. Then the obvious consequence of more sinsemilla on the street market would be a *decrease* in the chronic exposure of marijuana smokers' lung tissue to these possibly toxic, nondrug ingredients of marijuana smoke.

MR. CATERWAUL (Prosecutor): Your Honor, could the people approach the bench? Out of the witness's hearing?

THE COURT: Oh, yeah. Anything you wish. Mr. Silverstreak? MR. CATERWAUL: [In conference.] Look, Ed, I've reconsidered. I'm ready to plea-bargain Ray's boy down to high mopery with intent to spit on the sidewalk.

MR. SILVERSTREAK: The stipulation?

MR. CATERWAUL: That you never bring that fucking drone Budplucker into the same courtroom with me again as long as I work here. I want to grow up to be a top-dollar dope defender myself someday, y'know.

MR. SILVERSTREAK: It's a deal.

DOGRIGHT!

by Ike Abbott

Bred for blood and the breaking of bone, the American pit bull terrier, pound for pound, can be the most vicious creature ever to walk God's earth.

Marlboro man looks at ease, chewing his lip and matter-of-factly squeezing his cock through his jeans. His pint is three-fourths empty and he holds a Tall Boy in the same hand. A chesty teen angel crowds his elbow and peers over his forearm. Like most of the other men here, he is armed. It takes a large man to conceal a .45 automatic—sidearms are more frequent. Tex looks as he always does: imperturbable. They are all here for the dogs, all here for fun or business—hard women and tough men—and lots of money...

Of all the beasts, none is more dear to the human heart than the canine. Ten thousand years of domesticity has made the Canis familiaris more than a little familiar. By conservative estimate, there are at least 150 million dogs in America. Most of them live with human families, terrorizing the postman and mucking up the backyard. Three million are yearly sacrificed (white coats and incantations) in our nation's laboratories. Many earn their own way as guard or attack dogs for the criminal elite or police. Some are used to sniff out marijuana in junior high school lockers, and some run around and around a dirt track in St. Petersburg after a mechanical rabbit. Others find themselves tearing each other's throats out on a bloody canvas in an enclosed pit in some tattooed Marlboro man's converted barn or garage.

The dog is basically a domesticated wolf, a species no stranger to violence. Before the Mesolithic era, when humankind and the dog were at odds, gangs of wild canines would run primal man to the ground and rip out his entrails; conversely, given an opportunity, packs of wild humans would run down the sick and aged of the canines and rip out their entrails. Later, possibly attracted by a kindred viciousness, man and dog began to tolerate and use each other. The dog would provide man with enhanced senses to detect nighttime intruders, and man would share a small portion of his food. In tough times the dog would provide the meal. Dogs were soon actively used in the destruction of other men; by the time of the Peloponnesian fracas they were used in open warfare, fitted with spiked collars and mail suits, and dispatched to stir up havoc among the charge of a primitive cavalry. The Spanish conquistadores meticulously trained their dogs to attack and kill Indians on sight. Indians, on the other hand, liked to eat them. But it was the Romans who advanced the science of using the dog for bloodsport; these were the instructors of the simple inhabitants of the British island. It is to these sporting ancients that we owe homage for the origins of our own American brand of bloodied entertainment, and the origins of our fighting dog—the American pit bull terrier.

... A more volatile combination is unthinkable—potent booze, a little grass, pockets of cash, firearms and imminent violence. Bloodsport, before and after. There is a movement through the crowd and three men enter the pit. Two have something under their arms. Breaux is sharp faced and bearded, hatless and armed with a nickel-plated .45 revolver. He wins the toss and picks the inside corner, his back to the bleachers. He places his bundle down—a 38-pound brindle with a head like a rhino and a look like shattering glass in its eyes. He is cool but keyed. He is a veteran and knows why he is here without seeing another dog. His name is Mohammed Cutter.

The American sport of dogfighting is big business, a massive subterranean enterprise that pulls in millions of dollars yearly for owners, promoters, breeders and bettors. Most action is in the South, particularly Texas and Florida, but fights are found almost everywhere. Arizona, Louisiana, New York, Arkansas, Ohio—all big states for the sport. The sport is criminal—it is legal nowhere in this country. Dogfighters say they don't feel like criminals, but they have evolved into an underground culture on the order of the CIA or Rosicrucians in order to avoid harassment from law enforcement.

Fighting dogs is a felony in half a dozen states, a misdemeanor in others. Yet prosecutions are rare, penalties laughable. Federal "enforcement" is based on the 1976 Animal Welfare Act, which prohibits interstate traffic of animals for the purpose of fighting and gambling. The U.S. Department of Agriculture is the agency supposedly entrusted with the responsibility for intercepting dogfighters and prosecuting them. They don't do it. In five years the agency has managed to prosecute and convict one lone dogfighter from Arkansas. It is estimated by officials of the United States

Humane Society that, on the state level (the only actual level of enforcement), information collected by field investigators is sufficient to bust only about one in every thousand dogfights. The busted, like Houston ref J.T. Kitchens, usually receive a small fine and are released without serving time. Kitchens says that there are at least 10,000 dogfight fans in Harris County, Texas, alone. Elaborate precautions are taken to keep undesirables out of the fight-people like cops, humane-organization investigators and journalists. Fights are arranged by a contract between promoter and owners; the particulars of the location of the fight remain a secret. A few hours before the time of the event, phone calls go out to those who will be attending, rendezvous sites are established, and caravans will proceed from one checkpoint to another, picking up cars and sometimes taking calls along the way for further instructions. Once at the fight, admission is collected and the doors are closed.

... Mohammed is washed first, bundled in an army blanket and taken to his corner. Then his opponent, the white Mozart, is sponged off from the same bucket of astringent water. The preliminaries quiet the spectators to a degree; there is a bit of magic to rituals preceding death.

Dogfighters, like many others out on the criminal fringe, tend to be very moral individuals. They adhere to a rigid code of etiquette that enables groups of highly dangerous entrepreneurs to deal with one another, do business and have fun. They are strong willed, believers in the American principles of self-reliance, hard work, fierce individualism and the private settlement of grievances. Outside of the pit they believe in violence only when it is called for. They are usually slow to anger but single-minded in vengeance. The dogfighter is often a selfmade man, born into poverty, who has by his own initiative and sweat made a small place for himself in his society. They are rough men, oil-field workers, ranch hands and factory workers; but in some locales their entertainment draws off-duty cops, lawyers, doctors and small-time politicos. In the South they are usually backwoods types with little education, narrow minds and troubled mothers.

Not everyone understands the attraction to the American deathsport of dogfighting. Many of these persons are educated, white, upper- and middle-class noncriminals who grew up in an urban environment. They have never been exposed to the rough life of rural America where animals are routinely bred, penned, castrated and slaughtered for their tables. The backroads of the South are littered with the bodies of beasts. Cockfighting is something that is familiar to virtually every small-town community; in Hispanic communities it's considered a part of the ethnic heritage. Dogfighting, while not enjoying this sort of cultural aegis, is slightly less frequent.

... There is no prompting, but a rush of bristle and teeth-an instant fury, incandescent rage, a will only to kill.

of money shaking in the air-it rises and rises, but no sound from the pit. Mozart is changing color-Mohammed's ear hangs free from his skull and paints the aggressor a dull brown. Mohammed works on an upper leg but Mozart maintains balance and feeds into his head. Mohammed's trainer is on one knee, scratching at the pit carpet with his hands, screaming at his dog; the other handler is in a similar position, but swinging around the half-circle of



smashed armadillos, possums, skunks and rabbits. Farmers plow small animals into the soil with backhoes. Animals are seasonally castrated without benefit of anesthesia. They are milked, sheared, ridden, cattle-prodded, kicked, killed and slaughtered by the people who live with them, feed them. Packs of wild dogs and coyotes are shot on sight and strung on wire fences. The countryside is teeming with

They collide just on the other side of the scratch line, chest into chest, flashes of light from dark eyes, spittle and a little foam from Mohammed, quick bites into the side jaw and cheek of Mozart. Mozart whirls around counterclockwise, fixed to the left ear of Mohammed. A common tremor passes through the crowd with each bite of a dog. I become conscious of the sound, of shrieking women calling on their favorite, of men covering bets, of fists the pit for better perspective. I feel like taking a long puke but cannot keep my eyes from the pit. I shove my way to the side so I can see better-a sigh through the crowd denotes something I missed-the action has slowed-Mohammed has got his grip on the left front leg of Mozart, and Mozart is trying to get to his brain. The attention is on the leg-we are waiting for it to break. It doesn't. Mozart appears to lose concentration and looks briefly to the

wall—it is enough for Breaux to call a turn. The tension peaks through the building and some conversation picks up—I hear something over and over but don't understand the words. Someone is talking to me—a woman—I look away...

The American pit bull terrier is the breed used almost exclusively for the pit. There are reasons why. This small dog, whose fighting weight is on the average around 40 pounds, is descended from the most ancient of canine killers; it is the most dangerous dog in the world and pound for pound the most homicidal beast in creation. There is no other dog, regardless of breed or size, that could last five minutes with a pit bull. No god would create him: As much as such a thing is possible, the pit bull is a mancreated beast.

He is descended from the English bulldog, in turn descended from the early mastiffs. The bulldog was known as "the their noses at the lawmaking body and promptly crossed the bulldog with a small terrier to create a creature with the death instinct of the former and the quickness of the latter. (The terrier had been used in another rather sleazy bloodsport: something called ratting. This was an entertainment at which a hundred or so rats would be loosed into the pit. The dog would be tossed in after, to see how many he could mangle in an allotted time. Occasionally, a drunk could be persuaded to compete against the dog, having to kill the rats terrier-style, with the teeth. Bets, of course, were taken.)

In the mid-19th century this new pit dog, the English Staffordshire bulldog, was exported to America, where dogfighting immediately found favor with sporting types in Louisiana. In the latter part of the century, this dog was bred with an American terrier, producing finally the American pit bull terrier, the most fearsome and capable fighting dog in the world.

must straight away kill the beast with a bullet in the head or, if one has one, employ the break-stick, a dogfighter tool that is inserted into the dog's jaws and twisted to force his mouth open. At this point it is necessary for another party to pull the dog away.

A cop in California is chased into his police car by two slavering, keyed-up pit bulls, who, angered at his escape, rip apart all four of the steel-belted tires of the car. A letter carrier has his legs shredded by a pit bull, and may never walk again. Cats disappear from backyards, children are mauled and dragged down the street, and the mail



The pit bull fastens his canines deep into flesh and saws away, a visceral, demonic chain saw.

butcher's dog" in medieval times, as it was considered a tool of the trade. The English legitimized their favorite sport of bullbaiting by fostering the belief that a bull properly tormented by bulldogs before slaughter would render a more tender product for the table. Thus, bulldog. The English were inordinately fond of torture as a spectacle sport, and baiting was a cross-class entertainment unsurpassed in popularity. The dog's job was to attach itself to the bull's nose, the softest and most vulnerable part of his physiognomy, and hang there indefinitely while the bull tried to gore, throw or dash the dog off. Meanwhile, several other bulldogs would be worrying the feet, flanks and rear. Eighteenth-century engravings show the dogs savagely attacking a bull or bear repeatedly, even after receiving grievous injury, crawling back for more until they could no longer move. We see pictures of them being tossed 20 feet in the air by the horns of a tormented bull while the observers frantically tried to catch them in their arms to break their fall. One begins to understand the depth of bloodmadness that is an inherent characteristic of the breed when it is realized with what ferocity this small beast would attack any other living quadruped. The English loved their sport and bred the bulldog into a creature with an enormous head, 42 outsized teeth, fantastically powerful jaws and a compact, solid

After generations of Englishmen had spent their lives nurturing and perfecting the prodigious streak of bloodmadness in their bulldogs, Parliament turned around and in 1835 outlawed baiting. Ever resourceful, our English friends thumbed

The pit bull is genetically programmed to kill; it's been said before and it's true. For a millennium the raw material of his ancestors has been tampered with while keeping this sole object in mind. Every variation introduced by careful breeders has been only to facilitate this talent. One result is that the pit bull has the most powerful jaws of the species Canis familiaris, able to close its teeth on something or someone with 2,000 pounds per square inch. No German shepherd, no Doberman can do that. These dogs are slashers-the pit bull fastens his canines deep into flesh and saws away with the rear teeth, a visceral chain saw, selfstarting and demonic. The dog has an amazing capacity for pain. He is seemingly uncaring of violence he himself suffers, as long as he is able to inflict in kind.

It is claimed by some that the pit bull is made vicious only by environmental conditions-in other words, he is trained to be that way by dogfighters. This is partially true, but the genetic tendency is embedded in his brain like a radioactive diamond. The pit bull will attack, fight and continue to fight without reason. It attacks not out of fear nor hunger nor simple territorialism. It is suicidal in its bloodlust. It will continue to fight when there is no hope, when it will surely lose and die. It will attack anything, regardless of size. Like its forebears, it will take on dogs, bears, lions, bulls, griffins, chimeras, anything, any time, for any reason, or none. It doesn't like other pit bulls. Pit bulls will engage a neighborhood dog and, despite the efforts of an owner, will not let it out of its teeth. Battering it in the head with a two-by-four is ineffective. Kicking, stabbing, punching all do nothing. One will never come to your house again. People buy pit bulls for status, name them Alligator or Assassin Bob, Ironhead or Fawn Tigress, Cutter, War Mama, Satan, Stomper or Sorry; Mohammed Satan, Pistol, Miss Spike, Red Devil or Dinah Mite. They station them on heavy chains in the yard. Pit bulls are the Hell's Angels of the canine world, and walking down the street with one is like wearing two sidearms with a knife in your teeth: You are armed.

... The referee breaks Mohammed's hold with his stick and the handlers drag the dogs apart, whipping them around so they face the outside perimeter of the pit. Someone is shrieking with laughter as Breaux sponges Mohammed's worried head and bleeding ear. His heart is almost visible through his pounding chest, and his ribs stretch the skin with each rapid breath. The dogs are given no water. The other handler has a sponge and wipes the mouth and neck of the white. I see now that the right side of his nose is torn-fresh blood returns after it is sponged. In seconds he will be released to make the scratch. If he doesn't engage Mohammed on his side of the pit, the fight will end and Mohammed will win. But he'll scratch. His leg is not broken and seems strong.

I smell tobacco, sweat, hay, horseflesh, fear; my neighbors stink and it is not an honest smell—the smell of blood and money. An upright tough is looking at me—a smart-assed face clean shaven and big boned; he uses sheep sperm for cologne and drinks motor oil for breakfast. He's ten years younger and ten times meaner, he's bitten into cheeks in barrooms and he's going to kill me. Smiling, without a word, he takes the beer can from my hand and raises it to his thin bastard lips. I gently take it

back and think about killing him. The air explodes in screaming—Mozart has been cut loose and makes the scratch....

It is illegal to own fighting dogs; in Arizona, for instance, it is a felony offense. This doesn't mean that owning 1 or 2 pit bulls is a crime, but keeping 7 or 8 or 12 around the house is going to make the police uneasy. In such a situation the owner usually possesses certain types of equipment that mark him as a criminal in the law's eyes. Fighting dogs are always kept in good condition, and before a fight the training is stepped up and extremely rigorous. For the several weeks preceding a fight the dog is in "keep," in exhaustive preparatory conditioning. Some use primitive measures for this conditioning, like tethering the pit bull behind a pickup and roaring across a pasture half a dozen times. The more sophisticated use a cat-mill, a modified horse-walk that consists of a 25-foot cylindrical bar fixed on a central axis that allows it to circle freely. The dog is attached to an end with a caged cat or chicken before him, and his instinctive animosity toward such life makes him chase after it, around and around. Occasionally, after a good run the dog is allowed to have the creature for his pleasure. Usu-

The dogs are furious. Mohammed proves quick mouthed, showing an adroit instinct for injury, raking the nose and muzzle of Mozart half a dozen times in seconds; but Mozart is stronger, heavy in the shoulders and thick in the neck-he looks like Arnold Schwarzennegger forgotten from the waist down; he almost has biceps. His tail beats the air as he locks his jaws into Mohammed's shoulder, emanating a radiation of certainty, inevitability; the creature knows, he can taste an augury in the blood of his victim, he is pulling the life out of Mohammed through his meat, pulling the blood straight from the heart. The engines of his jaw churning away, he is sawing, cleaning up the national park, smearing his face dark. Something sickening sweeps through me and I imagine I can see the blood flowing copiously through the animal's mouth in a molten torrent. Mohammed is dragging Mozart around the pit, snapping without effect at the back of his neck-Mozart does not let go. He suddenly stops the traveling and pulls the momentum back through his jaws and in rage shakes his head with the dog in his teeth in a paroxysm of blood ecstasy. Breaux himself is almost foaming, dragging himself around on his knees like a cripple, gaining perfect views of what he doesn't want to see. The other handler cannot seem to move; his eyes are fastened on his dog

other, out of Florida, and New York has Joan Gilman's Pit Bull Sheet, a publication with weird literary pretensions. Gilman likes to print folksy stories about fighting dogs and detailed articles about the fine points of training. Several issues feature short story installments, one a bizarre piece of fiction told from the dog's point of view: "I could have laughed. If he hadn't been holding my nose, I certainly would have had a good grin at him. Me, the best under thirty pounds in the Province of Quebec, and him asking if I was a fighting dog!! I ran to the Master and hung down my head modest-like, waiting for him to tell my list of battles....

But the most professional effort is Ralph Greenwood's Pit Bull Gazette, published in Salt Lake City. Despite the disclaimers on the editorial page ("This Magazine Will Not Knowingly Publish Any Material Conflicting With The Animal Welfare Act of 1976"), the magazine is clearly pro dogfighting. The pages are filled with advertisements for fighting paraphernalia and pit bulls available for stud owned by famous dogfighters, like Maurice Carver and the Boudreaux family (who raise what are known as the finest dogs in the business), articles about particularly capable fighting dogs and edi-



A few quick bites and Mohammed's ear hangs free from his skull.

ally, an economically minded trainer will save the chicken for another go-round in the future

Treadmills are almost standard equipment as well. The dog is tied up inside this machine, which is a small boxlike thing with a floor on rollers that makes the dog run to keep from choking to death on his collar-or a lure is fastened in front of him, as is done with the cat-mill. Sometimes the dogs are attached to heavy objects which they drag around to get to food and water; this builds up neck muscles. Some dogfighters feel it necessary to "blood" a dog, and provide him with some small animal to murder, perhaps a cat in a canvas bag or somebody's stolen pet dog. Others consider this activity superfluous. A trained pit dog rarely needs encouragement: The pit bull does not require prompting in bloodletting. Pups are something else, though; and letting an old, experienced pit dog minus most of his teeth have a go at the youngster is a propitious manner of instruction.

like they are connected by some nerve, share a common nervous system—they taste the death of another...

Though not easy to obtain, it is enlightening to investigate the dogfighting media. There are at least a half dozen magazines devoted to the sport, and since all are sold by subscription only, all are more or less national publications. They range from barely literate to extremely well designed and articulate. They are not available to the general public. Ex-rodeo cowboy Bernie Weller, now a field investigator for the United States Humane Society, says it took him two years to get a copy of *Pit Dog Report*, a small magazine put out by Sharon and Raymond Holt of Houston.

The dogfighting magazines feature articles extolling the virtues of the American pit bull terrier, accounts of particularly gruesome fights, editorials lambasting the efforts of humane organizations to bring on the legal heat, advertisements for kennels and for accessories like break-sticks and harnesses, T-shirts with savage likenesses of charged-up pit bulls, and books relating dog history.

Jack Kelly's Sporting Dog Journal is one of the more primitive, a rough publication out of Alabama. In the main, the Journal is a listing of fights and their outcome, written in a sort of dogfighter shorthand. Pit Pal is antorials defending the sport. The magazine is now up to around 60 pages and is issued quarterly.

These magazines are an integral part of the dogfighting underworld. Here they can share their paranoia and commiserate over the loss of individual freedom in America. In *Pit Bull Gazette* Sandra Keller writes: "Then the revelation was unveiled to mekeeping a pit bull in America today is tantamount to the keeping of a Jewish family in your attic during the height of Nazi Germany! Do you understand the implication? We are *all* suspect!"

Strictly speaking, these magazines are not illegal, no more so than the one you hold in your hands. But sending them through the mail is a violation of the Animal Welfare Act, which forbids mailing materials which condone and promote cruelty to animals.

Of course, dogfighters don't agree that fighting dogs is cruel. They contend that the dogs like to fight, live to fight, and do so out of pleasure, not force. This, as we have seen, is true. Further philosophic pursuit of the subject depends on the individual's temperament.

It is also true, and strange to many, that dogfighters like their dogs very much. They think they empathize with them, but they don't. They admire the unique qualities of continued on page 65

"R."'S FOURTH ANNUAL CONNOISSEUR AWARDS

aybe it's just a coincidence that the winners of the annual Connoisseur awards (the "Herbies") are chosen at the same time of the year as the Oscars. But by now the excitement and controversy surrounding the annual announcement of "R." 's awards has risen to a nationwide frenzy of anticipation and speculation that rivals the excitement surrounding the movie-industry ceremony. Oscarmania, say hello to Herbie hysteria.

And why not? The worldwide cannabis crop is as much an entertainment industry as the film industry is. And, in fact, considering both dollar volume and pervasive cultural influence as indicators, it's possible to say that grass is bigger than Hollywood. The Herbie can stand as tall or taller than the Oscar.

And so, as the month of April approaches, all over America—in the posh smokeeasies of the big cities, in the smoke-filled stairwells of the office towers, in storefront social clubs, on the teeming inner-city back streets—everywhere a joint is lit the talk flares up into excited discussion of Herbie candidates.

"How about the way that West Virginia weed copped three awards last year?"

"That stickless Thai my man the Connoisseur talk about is bad shit."

Yes, all over the world—in the steaming jungles of Central America, in the misty hothouses of Northern California, in the thronging back streets of Bangkok, in the smoking mouths of active volcanoes, on the decks of the vast freighter fleet plying the oceans with the 100-million-ton cannabis cargo—you can hear ardent aficionados chattering in a dozen strange tongues about the results to be revealed to you here.

The Herbies have come into their own as a major transnational event.

With this in mind, it's time to clear up some questions that have arisen about the decision-making process for the Connoisseur awards. The timing of the awards, for

instance. You're probably reading this in June or July, which is the soonest the magazine can bring you the results of the awards presentations, which actually occur in April. Why wait until April? Well, there are practical considerations the Motion Picture Academy doesn't have to deal with for the Oscars.

Banana-boat lag time, for instance. It's quite possible for Southern Hemisphere grass, which may be harvested late in November or December, not to reach "R." 's eager lungs until spring. The same is true for many West Coast and Hawaiian varieties with long growing seasons.

Well, after several years on a floating springtime deadline, the official closing time for eligibility to be included in the Herbies for a given calendar year is midnight of Oscar night the April following the close of that year. Why exactly on Oscar night? Well, the conclusion of that ceremony frees up a lot of limos, spotlights and black-tie rentals for the West Coast growers who like to gather in hidden groves for a closed-circuit satellite link to the awards. Of course, for security reasons, all details about the location and logistics of the awards ceremony must be shrouded in the privileged secrecy the First Amendment offers to reporters. But suffice it to say that there are many people on both coasts who sleep through the Oscars in order to save their energy for the wild decadent frenzy of the Herbies.

And that includes several Oscar nominees. Now, before we end the suspense and announce the winners of this year's Herbies, let me deal with another key question about the awards procedures. Why is it, some ask, that "R." is the one and final judge of all awards? Isn't that, they ask skeptically, a little subjective?

Let me answer that by telling you a story about the famous French metric bar.

When 19th-century French scientists devised the metric system they made one fundamental mistake: They tied the most fundamental unit of length to the circum-

ference of the earth. They thought the length they called a meter was exactly onemillionth part of the earth's circumference and that their whole system would rest on this objective ratio. But with typical misguided French arrogance they discovered, too late, that they'd miscalculated the circumference, and that the whole system of standard lengths didn't have an integral relationship to the earth. Merde alors! What should they do, recall all metric rulers? In a typical bold stroke of French diplomacy, dramatically changing defeat into surrender, they decided that the grand fundamental measuring unit no longer had any relation to the planetary circumference. Instead, they'd stick with the length their first inaccurate calculations had led to. They'd enshrine that as the ultimate measuring stick for all future meters. But how could they be sure they got that standardized, so that all their rulers would measure the same?

Their answer was to create a kind of religious temple of the metric system, the altarpiece of which was a vacuum-sealed, dust-proof, moisture-proof glass box enclosing a rod made of an almost fluctuation-proof alloy of the precious metal rhodium—which was The Standard. How long is a meter? Forever after it's as long as that rhodium rod.

Now you may be coming to ask yourself, what the hell does that have to do with the annual Connoisseur-awards judging procedure. Nothing less than everything. Because, you see, "R."'s mind, "R."'s sensibility have become to the measuring and judging of marijuana what that gleaming rhodium rod is to the entire metric systemthe one and indisputable standard, the foundation from which all judgments spring. So universal is the respect for "R."'s carefully calibrated cannabis consciousness, that he is enshrined in the hearts of all heads as the rock of judgment, just as the French have enshrined that metric bar. To adulterate his judgment with any other mere "opinions" of other self-proclaimed experts and connoisseurs would be like throwing some cheap plastic rulers into the pristine vacuum maintained by the French academy of science and saying, "Take your choice." No way. Does that answer your question about objectivity?

Yes, by now even those who disagree with "R."'s judgment have come to realize that his taste and memory are like a precious national resource. Who else has instant recall and articulation of a dozen different Jamaican sinsemillas, along with the ability to compare the elusive essence of the Jamaican high with the scores of Colombians he has cross-referenced in his amazing marijuana memory banks? Who else can bring to bear upon current fads and fashions the vast historical resources that "R." has accumulated?

And so, many people have come to await this Herbies awards article, not merely for the names of the nominees and the revelation of the winners, but for "R."'s sage



commentary about the year of the reefer in review. Think of it as a kind of annual State of the Union Address to the Republic of Reefer.

And so, citizened connoisseurs, gather round, because we have come to the moment of truth-the nominees, the winners.

Let's start with the category that generated the real excitement this year, the hottest competition:

BEST HIGH, FOREIGN AND HAWAIIAN

The envelopes, please. Our nominees are: Central American "reds" We're talking about a whole new category in the foreign exotic segment of the cannabis spectrum. We're talking about Guatemalan grass, Sandinista smoke from Nicaragua, Belize breeze from the British colony down there and a born-again-as-sinsemilla Panama red.

Dark green, spiky, clumpy spears of sinsemilla with buds heavily interwoven with a dense latticework of threadlike red tendrils, they have revolutionized the grass market in a way that the Central American revolutionaries are succeeding in revolutionizing that crucial hemispheric junction. In fact, an argument could be made that the arrival in force of these Central American sinsemillas is more than a mere marijuana market development; that, in fact, these strains of cannabis could become a potent geopolitical force.

You heard me, a geopolitical force. It's not without precedent that many military historians consider Vietnamese marijuana to have been one of the most powerful secret weapons in the defeat of the huge U.S. military force in Southeast Asia. Vietnamese grass, the argument goes, was so good, and smoking it was so pervasive among the dog soldiers who actually had to fight the war for the moronic generals, that it undermined the will to kill, helped the cannonfodder grunts see through the madness that had brought them there and opened them up to understanding the people who were the "enemy."

Now what seems to be happening with Central American grass could be a similar dynamic. Almost as if in self-defense, the tiny Central American nations (which have been brutalized for decades by U.S.-supported dictators and torturers) are blossoming with some amazingly fine wisdom weed, which, when consumed in the States, seems to have the effect of opening people's eyes to the horror of the second Vietnam-which General Haig (the genius of Vietnam) seems bent on perpetrating down there.

How do they smoke, these subversive Central American sinsemillas? Well, it's funny, but they remind me of the weird, jumpy, absurdist power of Vietnamese weed. Less of the spiritual, contemplative serenity of the old-style Panama reds. These reds are angry young buds, the guerrillas of ganja; they infiltrate the bloodstream, sneak behind the mind and then surprise you with explosive pyrotechnic effects. Getting hold of them is a true coup, and if your local retailer doesn't have them you oughta go out and junta dealer who does. Stickless Thai Last year's winner in this category has continued to play an important role in defining the upper level of the foreign exotic market. The supply has been steady and consistent in this category, but there has been one memorable candidate, a rich dark grass known as "Chocolate Thai," so named not merely for its color but for an intoxicatingly sweet richness to the smoke, like a fine old port.

Belize Breeze This tiny place at the foot of The Yucatán is still a British colony, the Falklands of Central America, and so should be considered separately from the Sandinista sinsemillas. But this is a very interesting grass in its own right. Although it has the brownish reddish coloring of Jamaican and Guatemalan sinsemillas, it tastes more like a Colombian gold, or even, considering its position, almost an extension of Mexican and Acapulco gold. It's that good a high, too. Energetic, upbeat. Blake's formula for experiencing existence to the fullest was to maximize energy and delight. Blake would have loved Belize breeze.

Ethiopian A very rare appearance from the sleeping giant of ganja continents. Almost all African grass I've smoked has had some special magic to it, but perhaps this Ethiopian came from late, great Rasta hero Heile Selassie's own stash. Heile smokable, a royal majestic kind of high, swift and strong, it hurtles through the bloodstream like a cheetah through the veld.

It's always been a major mystery of the marijuana trade to me why more African grass doesn't reach America. Every sample I've tried has been so special and exotic that I've always wanted more, but I've always been told that it's all gone, or it's just a personal stash, or it came by last year but won't be around this year. Is there some kind of boycott of African pot? Do they smoke it all themselves over there? This is one time the Connoisseur is just baffled. The connoisseurs of America should not be denied gourmet grass like this.

Unfortunately for the African nominee, consistent availability had to be taken into consideration in the final judging for the award. And when the final judging was done, late one night after "R." had painstakingly reviewed the nominees, he had a surprise to spring on the waiting world. Knowledgeable observers had been picking Central American "reds" as the favorite, in much the same way that Warren Beatty's Reds had been the favorite for the Oscar. (Well, maybe not much the same way; slightly the same way.) But in any case, the favorite was upset by a widely respected but seldom ballyhooed "sleeper."

The winner:

Mexican Sinsemilla A recent traveler returned from the growing fields of California reported an astounding statistic. According to experienced analysts in the fields, as much as 70 percent of the grass that sold in America as California sinsemilla or Hawaiian sinsemilla is in fact Mexican-grown sinsemilla.

This is a very significant change. As most of you know, for many years California sinsemilla played the role of the impostordealers would call it Hawaiian or Thai to increase its market value. Now that Californian has come into its own as a brand, we have impostors posing as the one Thai impostor. However, Mexican sinsemilla is much, much more than an impostor-this year it has become the single most dominant, most exciting grass category around.

You know the roller-coaster history of Mexican grass. Once it was the only game in town. In the '60s it supplied both the top end of the market with Acapulco gold, Michoacán, Oaxacan, and the bottom end with good, cheap, delightful dirtweed. Then in the '70s the top end just disappeared, primo Colombian muscled Mexi-

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R: BEST HIGH, ID HAWAIIAN







Runners-Up Clockwise from top right: Stickless Thai Ethiopian Sandinistan Nicaraguan Panama red Guatemalan

CONNOISSEUR AWARDS

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can out of the quality market and Mexican became an object of scorn and contempt among cannabis consumers. Poorly grown, poorly packaged, smoking most Mexican was little better than smoking hay stubble. But now it's back in a big way, so big it looks like Mexican sinse could turn out to own the '80s

What's so special about it? For one thing, grass just loves to grow down Mexico way. It grows like wildfire, doesn't have to be coaxed and coddled the way California crops do. Mexico is a lush, tropical country, a giant hothouse itself full of frenzied vegetable passion that the cannabis partakes of. Crops above the border in more northern, temperate climates lack that lust for life, for leaf, for bud-bursting profusion that comes naturally below the border.

And the Mexican marijuana that results is—and I know this will be a controversial generalization—wilder weed than Californian. It's got a red-hot peppery, headstrong, hot-tempered quality to the high that may come from the less civilized, less carefully cultivated way it can be grown. Mexican sinsemilla is no laid-back, hypnotic, contemplative, California-mellow marijuana—it's a cut-loose, kick-ass, get-up-and-boogietill-you-puke kind of high. Get up, stand up, get-out-into-the-streets stuff, a sign perhaps that the '70s are over and the '80s are going to feel more like the '60s.

BEST HIGH DOMESTIC (CONTINENTAL U.S.)

This has been a less explosive year in the domestic grass-growing scene than last year, when the wizards of West Virginia swept through the awards like a green tornado and shocked everyone with the quality of their Panamanian-seed product. This has been a year of subtle but far-reaching adjustments that only a sophisticated and totally knowledgeable observer such as yours truly can put in perspective.

So let's look at the nominees:

Vermont-Manhattan Crossbreed Weed

The Northeast has been the very last region of the nation to develop truly legendary crops year in and year out. There has been no generic Eastern equivalent for Humboldt County purple, Maui wowie, Ozark-mountain moonshine marijuana, New Mexican desert gold. No Albany-Schenectady super skunk, no Connecticut lightning, etc., etc. But quietly, in communes and college towns, in abandoned frost-belt farmlands, in rock-strewn cow pastures, the flinty hills of the East have come alive with the surge of sinsemilla. In big cities, too. Where once it was thought that monoxide and heavy metal pollutionladen air would turn out some deformed and defective dope and an urban demento high, now it's becoming increasingly clear



Photos by Worldling Designs. that the marijuana plant has an amazing ability to filter out the poisons and just keep on budding and blooming fresh sweet buds even in the shadow of the smokestacks of New Jersey. The Connoisseur has been particularly impressed this year by a certain private grass that's been grown in rural Vermont, with cuttings transplanted to hothouses and roof gardens in Manhattan, the seeds then returned to the Green Mountains for a continuing city-country crossbreed that seems to endow the resulting product with a delightful hybrid vigor that partakes of the street smarts of the Big Apple and the sweet smarts of the pastoral valleys of Vermont.

Haze Brothers Indica-Sativa Cross ("Larry, Curly and Mo") Haze Brothers Farms, perennial producer of powerful California pod, has turned out another trend setter this year. While previously the brothers Haze have been known for their intense indicas, particularly the spectacular purples of past years, this year they came up with a sativa-indica cross that has been the hot talk of the West Coast harvest festivals from San Diego up to Seattle. Why call it Larry, Curly and Mo? It's actually three different interrelated crosses, half-breed, half brothers that have such an interesting wacky weedlike twist to their kick, such a slapstick, slaphappy kind of high, that the Haze brothers named it after the famous Stooge brothers.

Gainesville Hawaiian One of the fascinating developments in the connoisseur-cannabis segment of the market this year has been the remarkable improvement of imitation Hawaiians. While Hawaiian itself has practically disappeared from the retail ounce-buying scene, this year, for reasons of cost and harvest, domestic pseudo-Hawaiians have made a surprising and convincing resurgence. Florida has become particularly adept at this green magic, and nothing exemplifies it better than this Gainesville treat that looks, smells and smokes like some of the mellowest marijuana Maui ever exported. Your Connois-

seur used to get indignant about mislabeling with the intent to deceive, but I'm beginning to suspect that the Hawaiian label has had a beneficial, inspiring effect on the impostors. Just as Floridian makers of "Cuban style" cigars try to reproduce with what they have at hand the elusive, enticing essence of the original, Floridian grass growers have actually begun to turn out a domestic product that smokes more like the Hawaiian of old than much of the commercial Hawaiian that comes out of the islands. A subtle, soaring high that positively sings through the synapses, tunes you in to tropical melodies and lush, sensual rhythms in a way most domestic dope doesn't approach.

Arizona Climate-Controlled Lava-Bed Hawaiian Here's something new. An upfront, outright self-admitted attempt to imitate Hawaiian done by conscientious seed scientists. I came upon this during a tasting catered for me by some fans of mine. Each beautiful bud was encased like an oversized emerald in pristine Seal-a-Meal. I was told that this particular grass was grown by a group of master botanists in the Southwest who actually imported volcanic soil from Hawaii and reproduced the Hawaiian climate with precise multifactor accuracy in a desert greenhouse. They did everything but don grass skirts and plunk the ukulele to fool their Hawaiian seeds into thinking they were growing up in Hawaii. Well, whatever lengths they went to, it worked. I could have sworn I was transported to a realm of palm trees and pineapples as soon as I lit up and inhaled the heady, Big Island perfume of this pot. It was the next best thing to being there. In fact, it was better than 99 percent of the genuine bonded Hawaiian I'd smoked in the past

And the winner, the most explosive grass in America:

Mount St. Helens Live-Volcano Weed If the big trend is to high level imitating of Hawaiian grass on the mainland, and if the essence of the seductive appeal of Hawaiian is the smolderingly fertile volcanic soil most of it springs from, then the people who grew this grew the ultimate grass. They grew it on an active volcano. I'm not sure whether to classify this as a domestic grass or a foreign because they trucked soil from the still-smoking lava of Mount St. Helens down to Mexico to get the perfect sunlight, air and moisture conditions for their lava weed. But it was a group of dedicated Americans who dared to do it, sneaking through roadblocks to snatch the redhot magma from the mouth of the volcano (see High Times, "Connoisseur," Nov. '81), and it was an American volcano, so I feel enough national pride to call it American.

What a weird, wonderful weed it was. Golden blond like stalks of gleaming wheat, a veritable amber wave of grain glowed in each spearlike stalk of this volcanic sinsemilla. It was the most trancelike, hypnotic, persistent high I'd had in a long time.

NEWCOMER WORTH A TRY

Hawalian Hash I almost put this into the "Worst High" category too, it's so strange and strong and trippy. But it wasn't a bad trip like the DMT grass, and it certainly is a total newcomer to the ever-surprising world of connoisseur cannabis. I'd never seen Hawaiian hash before, but this was the genuine hand-rubbed, handmade item. The person who'd brought it for the Connoisseur's approval had made it himself in Hawaii. He'd taken the finest Big Island, Maui Kauai grass just as it was dripping with resin. He'd rubbed it off by hand, a whole pound's worth of grass reduced to a palm-sized lump of Hawaiian hash essence. When I saw the gleaming gold green lump my eyes lit up. It was perhaps the most concentrated, most beautiful glowing concentration of cannabis essence I'd ever seen. somehow as if all the lush velvet verdure of the entire Big Island of Hawaii had been compressed into a magical philosophers' stone.

What happened next was something that had never happened to me before with any kind of cannabis.

In fact, nothing like it had ever happened to me with any kind of LSD. The Hawaiian hash man put just a tiny fingernail's worth of his precious essence into the end of a long, thin opium-type pipe. I took just one puff, and for the next three hours time disappeared, I left my body, left the world and became aware of a very, very distant consciousness of things (maybe it was mine), observing things from the curved edge of the expanding space-time continuum. Have you ever been there? Not much landscape to talk about, but a powerful sense of distance, of depth, of the soaring spaciousness of Being. For three hours I didn't move from the chair I was fortunately sitting in when I took that one puff. Not that I was paralyzed, not that I couldn't move if I'd been in my body, it's just that paltry physical movement was inexpressibly remote and insignificant compared to the fasterthan-light travel I was engaged in. Sometimes when I've felt like this on psychedelics I've felt little twinges of panic at this cosmic paralysis, but that day it all felt totally serene, totally right. I doubt if you'll ever get a chance to sample this mysterious Hawaiian hash essence unless you're on the islands and in touch with the Big Kahunas of the growing world. It wins the "Worth a Try" award easily, but make sure you're sitting down somewhere comfortable when you do try it.

WORST HIGH

Hawaiian "DMT grass" I wouldn't be completely surprised to find there were people who would call this the best high of the year. Certainly it was the weirdest high. I don't know if there was any real DMT in this grass. I don't think so. I think it was



stronger than any DMT ever was. It was fairly ordinary stuff to look at, to crumble up and roll into a joint. A little dry, palegreen sinsemilla. But after two or three puffs I felt like a panicked teenager having a PCP freak-out. Paranoid, hostile, crazy, nauseous. What the hell is going on here? I started asking out loud. Since I was at a party when this happened I began to get some strange looks.

Hours later when I calmed down, I asked the guy who supplied it what the story was. He told me this was a special breed of grass that Hawaiian growers kept to themselves and never allowed off the island, at least for commercial distribution. It was designed for the typical grower who was jaded and sated from constant smoking of the finest sinsemilla in the world, who barely reacted to stuff that would paralyze the ordinary human being. This stuff was specially bred to knife through the insulation they'd built up, and stimulate even the most sated pod palates. It wasn't designed for ordinary people, he said. Now he tells me.

BEST BUY OF THE YEAR

Mexican "Semi-Sinsemilla" There's been a major shift in the exotic upper end of the price structure this year. A big shift for the better. Gone are the days of \$200-plus ounces. You could call this the Year of the Big Drop. In fact, this year, the highest price this retail-level, ounce-buying consumer champion has come across is \$180. You still find some genuine Thai and legitimate Hawaiian luxury ounces going for that price, but in fact, the standard retail tariff for high-quality domestic sinsemilla has dropped to \$140, with a lot of respectable American smoking material weighing in at \$120.

Mass marketing has truly arrived: Volume is up, prices are coming down, but this year a whole new element brought about a brand-new price break: the arrival of the \$100 Central American sinsemilla.

Dense, thick, spearlike clumps of Central American reds from Panama, Guatemala, Belize and Mexico. Intricately embroidered with a cross-weaving of red resin-laden tendrils, grass as good as this used to cost 50 to 100 percent more for the past five years. People who paid that much were still getting a bargain. Considering the inflation rate which has boosted everything else 50 percent, a price drop like this is truly dramatic, unlike the slow, steady drop in domestic sinse prices. Which makes it hard to single out any one of these. But if you backed me into a corner I'd have to choose a certain special kind of Mexican sinse that hit the Frost Belt like a sudden thaw in the depths of winter this year. Big, bright green colas, there were even a few seeds studded throughout. It belonged to that variety of weed which ounce dealers in their inimitable euphemistic way have taken to calling "semi-sinsemilla."

I know it sounds like a contradiction when you recall sinsemilla means "without seeds." How can something be "half without seeds"? Does that mean half seedy? No, it's one of those marketing phrases that consumers have come to accept with goodhumored tolerance. Good humored because this past year "semi-sinse" has come to mean truly vigorous, wild and crazy highs at a significantly new lower price, with a few seeds thrown in for home cultivation. The Connoisseur has frequently advanced the theory that sex-starved sinsemilla plants-the virginal spinsters of marijuana botany-lack some of the heady energy that plants which live a healthy sex life and go to seed seem to have. With semisinsemilla you lose some of the pristine cosmetic perfection, but there's been too much prissiness about manicured appearance as far as I'm concerned, and you gain a sexier smoke.

And so we come to the close of another emotion-packed evening of awards. Of course there will be controversy over the final choices. There will be some carping from the losers. But unlike the Oscar-night parties, even the losers will have cause to celebrate because—it's become a tradition at the wild post-Herbie parties—the winners will be sharing generous lids of Herbie-winning grass with them, and the happiness of that kind of high makes irrelevant all petty distinctions between winner and runner-up. No mere precious metal statuette could make up for the exalted state of mind a Herbie award could offer.

And besides, even those runners-up with a wider view of the world than mere competitiveness will look upon this year's Connoisseur awards as yet another milestone in mankind's long struggle upward from marijuana mediocrity.

For the Connoisseur it's just another day devoted to improving the breed of the weed, tirelessly tasting, ceaselessly searching for excellence. Let's keep that excellence coming. \square



BLACK SHEEP ON DOPE

Fiction by James Kusnir

t all began the night the moonmen landed.

I was lying on my rack, considering the night's entertainment options. Crabby could "borrow" the sergeant major's car again. We could all drop acid, drive up to Disneyland and harass the boots on their first liberty from Camp Pendleton. We could pull up alongside a cadence-calling detail of uniformed gyrenes, lean out the windows and taunt them with such epithets as "Baby killers!" "Murderers!" until they charged after the car down Anaheim Boulevard screaming: "Faggots!" "Hippies!" That was a goof, sure. But it was old hat.

We could smoke-bomb the mess hall again. Or we could revive last month's of-

ficer-impersonation craze. Here's a playback from that scam:

"MP shack, Pfc. Jones speaking, sir."

"Pfc. Jones," I said from a pay phone on base, "this is *Captain* Hawkes, the 214 duty officer. Send every available man and truck over to Barracks 214. We got a damn race riot on our hands out here. And I mean on the double, private."

"Sir, yes sir!"

Three minutes later, the MPs pulled into Barracks 214's parking lot with their sirens shrieking, and while the silly turds were storming the building, Buster Block flattened the tires of their paddy wagons with an ice pick.

Kube Kommander, how goes it?"

Buster himself was standing before me in his summer service "A" khakis, a Black Panther beret and a Marx brothers sweatshirt. A 19-year-old professional juvenile delinquent from birth, Buster's goal was to take over the U.S. Marine Corps by his next birthday, and the rest of the world soon after.

"How did a clown like you wind up in the Crotch, Buster?"

"I infiltrated."

"Infiltrated?"

"Sure. The revolution's got to start somewhere, Kube Kommander. And who, I ask you, is better prepared to lead it than a U.S. Marine?"

"Meaning you, of course."

"Of course! But you'll be my second in command. I have big plans for you, Kube Kommander."

"Buster, when I joined up, I thought I'd be storming gook beachheads like in the

The year: 1969.

The place: Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro, in Southern California.

The drug: A brutal combination of belladonna and orange sunshine.

movies, saving the world from the Red Menace. I wanted to see some action."

"Come the revolution, you'll see plenty of action. And look at it this way, you have a starring role in the greatest war movie of all time—'Black Sheep on Dope.'"

Starring role indeed. Most of my threeyear hitch had thus far been spent at El Toro, the Marine Corps Air Station, in Santa Ana, California. There, as an integral part

came strobe rays and wine. Hendrix wailed and brain cells sailed. And I was *The Man*.

Crabby and Buster had presented to me a T-shirt with KUBE KOMMANDER stenciled across the chest in Magic Marker. Over the midsection was a decaled eagle, globe and anchor insignia of the United States Marine Corps. North and South America had been replaced on the globe by a peace symbol. The back sported a profile of Private Black-

chine gun from the balcony. You and Hives can feed the ammo belts."

"Who's Hives?"

"The family butler."

"Buster, you're insane."

"When they come swarming over the hills in their helicopters, we'll blast 'em out of the sky. We'll mow 'em down like Robert Taylor did them Japs in *Bataan*."

"I saw that movie, Buster. They killed Taylor in the end."

"No they didn't. He was still shooting during the fade-out."

Buster's dad, Buster Block, Sr., the bunko used-car dealer, who interrupted the Cube's midnight movie soirees every eight minutes with commercials for his reconverted shitboxes, had spent thousands of dollars on lawyers' fees to keep his son out of the brig. The inexperienced military prosecutors were no match for Mr. Block's bigname attorneys. Time after time they upstaged the court-martial board and had each case dismissed on a technicality the opening day of the trial.

When the military was not prosecuting Buster for drugs or sedition, they were hounding him about his unmilitary appearance, especially his sideburns. He was once permanently restricted to base by Sgt. Maj. William Fain Watson, who, upon measuring them, found that they were an eighth of an inch longer than regulation.

Buster counterattacked. He and Crabby broke into the administration office and appropriated from the sergeant major's desk evidence of graft, pilfering and other improprieties committed by the brass. They deposited the incriminating documents in a bank safe-deposit box and sent copies to Alan Cranston, Ted Kennedy and other senators of liberal persuasion. Buster concluded each cover letter with "Can you help me? Or does the USMC run the Senate too?" Thus was a congressional investigation launched over two eighth-inch strips of Buster Block's sideburns.

B uster and Crabby wore with honor the Black Sheep misfit tag. "We have a tradition to live up to here, mister," Buster once lectured me.

"Why's that?"

"Lee Harvey Oswald served on this very base."

"Really? That figures."

"Chuck Whitman was a marine, but not the same caliber as Oswald."

"Who's Chuck Whitman?"

"He went bananas and picked off a dozen nobodies from a tower in Texas."

"What do you mean 'nobodies'? I don't get it."

Buster looked both hurt and surprised. "Kube Kommander, surely you believe in quality over quantity?"

Sgt. Maj. William Fain Watson referred to our Cube as "the asshole of the Marine Corps."

"My name is Sergeant Major William



saw native girls dancing around an incredibly oversized penis that seemed to be my own.

of Marine Fighter Squadron 214's Buildings and Grounds crew, I helped keep America safe for democracy by keeping the outfit's barracks shipshape and policing the surrounding grounds of butts and litter. The Black Sheep Squadron of World War II infamy, 214, led by Pappy Boyington and his zany band of boozing brawlers, whose exploits would one day be popularized on the boob tube series "Baa-Baa Black Sheep."

And we, the 214 Buildings and Grounds crew, were Pappy's children, circa 1969. Me, Buster Block, Crabby Bornman, a former Chicago hood, and a hillbilly from some backwater swamp south of the Mason-Dixon line who joined the Corps for the free shoes—the first pair he'd ever worn—and the close to \$80-a-month base pay, which he reckoned made him "'bout as close t'being a damn zillionaire as I'll ever get."

Buster, the hillbilly and I were awaiting discharge: my three-year hitch was about up; the hillbilly was getting out on a medical—he'd been transferred into the Black Sheep from a naval hospital in Japan, where the docs recapped his gourd with a plastic plate, replacing the chunk of skull zapped out by the slopes. Buster was being processed out on a section eight, and Crabby had actually been booted out of the Corps three months before, but he hung around the base, chowing down at the mess hall, peddling drugs and pimping off a stable of women marines on Sunset Strip.

When Buster Block was busted in rank for "conduct unbecoming a marine," which translated in civilian lingo to "wearing unshined shoes," I, being the next senior man in rank, assumed command of the "Cube." Crabby, the hillbilly, Buster and I were quartered in this Cube (actually, it was more of a walk-in closet), partitioned from other Cubes by gray metal wall lockers. The Cube was a crash pad, a haven for wandering hippies, flippies, kooks and weirdos, so had Buster Block proclaimed in a notice posted in the Laguna Beach Mystic Arts World Book Shop. Runaway teenyboppers were fed, fostered and fucked in the Cube's confines. With lights out at nine jack, the outfit's sepia sheep mascot whose care and providing for came under the auspices of the Buildings and Grounds crew.

Crabby Bornman had a battalion of crabs permanently encamped in his pubic hair. Unfortunately for the rest of us, the battalion had several scout platoons on constant recon for new bivouac sites.

When Sgt. Maj. William Fain Watson, Jr., was assigned to the Black Sheep, he announced at morning formation:

"If I leave the keys in my car, it's for a reason. Call it a test, call it what you will. But gentlemen, I trust my men, always have. I've been a sergeant major almost ten years now, and no marine in my command has ever betrayed my faith. And the day one of my men violates that trust will be the day I retire from the Marine Corps."

Within the hour Crabby had heisted the car and Watson's ceremonial noncommissioned officer's sword which happened to be in the trunk. Watson found the sword later that evening, stuck through his desk. After making up a duplicate set of keys, Crabby returned the car, too, with a note of thanks and a squad of his finest crabs on the front seat.

Crabby Bornman was the honcho of the base drug-dealership. Armed with a 9mm Luger, he climbed the ladder of free enterprise, mauling competitors, single-handedly holding up hamburger joints, gas stations and Taco Bells until he had looted enough dough to make his first big dope score in Tijuana, where he also picked up his first cadre of crabs.

B uster Block, by pointing out its lucrative potential, had no trouble interesting Crabby in his plan to spearhead the counterculture revolution from the palatial Glendale estate of his father, Buster Block, Sr., a millionaire used-car flimflam man.

"Kube Kommander, I got it all figured out. We can't miss."

"You're crazy, Buster, it'll never work."

"The place is impregnable. We'll slaughter 'em."

"You mean they'll slaughter us."
"The place is a fortress. I'll work the ma-

Fain Watson," he announced after our Cube had once again failed weekly inspection. "Remember that name so you don't ever forget it. Because if you do forget it, I'll remind you. And if I have to remind you, you'd best never forget it again."

"You know," said Buster, later that same day, "I can never remember that lifer's

name."

"Which one?" I asked.

"The tubby one with all the stripes and the itty-bitty mustache."

"Sergeant Major William Fain Watson?"

"Is that who he is?"

"What about him?"

"He came by the Cube while you were out. He said it still looks like a shithouse."

"It is a shithouse."

"He told me to tell you to get it squared away."

"What about the rest of you guys? You live here too."

"You're the Kube Kommander," Buster saluted. "He also told me to tell you to trim your mustache because it reminds him of that goddamn taco bandit, Zapata."

"He tells me that every time he sees me.

Did he say anything else?"

"Yeah. He told me I have beady eyes and a criminal forehead. And he told me to remember that his name is Sergeant Major Whatshisface, and that I shouldn't forget it, because if I did forget it, he'd remind me, and if he had to remind me, I'd best never forget it again. He said you'd better remember too."

On Monday mornings, Buster, Crabby and I left the hillbilly behind to swab the barracks and shovel sheep shit while we reported on sick call. The three of us suffered from an assortment of physical and mental ailments to which the navy corpsmen gave a blanket diagnosis of "terminal malingering."

After our visit to the dispensary, we'd hitchhike five miles into Laguna Beach to the Cosmic Eye Bookshop to pick up our "medication"—orange barrels—dispensed by the local hopheads who hawked their chromosome bustin' psychedelic wares to assorted locos and jarheads in need of a dose of sunshine.

he day of the night the moonmen landed, I was taking a shower when Buster happened by.

"Kube Kommander, open your mouth. I have something for your head."

"Acid?"

"Organic mescaline." He held up a horse capsule, half the size of his pinky.

"Yow! Where'd you get it?"

"Friend of mine, Charlie Manson. He's running a commune on an old movie ranch out in the desert."

"Commune, huh? Lots of free-love chicks?"

"Orgy city, Kube Kommander. I'll take you up there next week."

"Sounds decent." I took the capsule from

Buster, put it on the back of my tongue and swallowed a mighty gulp of shower water.

I stepped out of the shower stall, toweled myself dry and threw on a clean pair of skivvy drawers. Buster and I made our way back to the Cube where Crabby and the hillbilly were absorbed in a mystery movie about an ax-murderer. The hillbilly was guzzling Coors, and I took a long swig off one to wash down the cap of mescaline that

"A megadose of belladonna and sunshine. Me an' Crabby's been passing 'em out all day. We're turning everybody around here into raving lunatics, then we're taking over the base."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, yes! We're gonna rename the place El Dope-o. After that the sky's the limit— California, America...the world!"

"Oh, no."

The mescaline was doing its job.

One eyeball and several teeth had already dropped out of my skull.

was still sticking in my throat. The hillbilly didn't indulge in drugs, but hung around Crabby, fascinated by his tales of big-time crime in Chicago.

Crabby got up and left at the next commercial, just as Buster Block's dad was telling everyone which freeway to take to reach his used-car lot. The hillbilly left too,

to scrounge up more beer.

The mescaline was doing its job. Already I was hallucinating. I strolled down the corridor to the head, where a look in the mirror told the story: One eyeball and several teeth dropped out of my skull. My mustache had grown into a bushy boa over six feet long and was winding itself around my neck. My white-wall marine haircut resembled Curly Joe's of the Three Stooges. "Woob-bub-bub-bub-bub." I deftly marble-hopped the white and green Chinese checkerboard-tiled floor back to the Cube.

"Buster, your friend Charlie was right. This shit is dynamite!"

Buster leaped from his seat. "Don't you ever sneak up behind me again, ever!" he screamed. He pulled me close to him. "The Ax-Murderer is loose in the barracks," he whimpered, then rolled his eyeballs back into his head.

"Buster, take it easy, it's only a movie,

"Where's Crabby's pistol? I'm gonna snuff that psycho before he chops my head off!" He opened Crabby's wall locker to search for the Luger, but the locker was empty except for a sack of dirty laundry. Buster dumped the clothes out on the floor and began rummaging through them.

"Crabby always carries his pistol," I said.
"Calm down, Buster, get a grip."

"We've got to kill the Ax-Man!"

"Buster, it's only a movie." I turned off the TV.

"He's gonna fuck up the revolution!"

"Revolution? What revolution?"

"Tonight we strike. That stuff you ate wasn't mescaline."

"It wasn't?"

"Hahahahaha. You fool!"

"What was it, Buster?" I asked, my voice trembling.

"Oh, yes!" Sparking bolts of lightning shot from Buster's head as he confirmed: "Crabby's trucking ammo crates up to Glendale right now. My old man's out of town. We swiped an M-60 machine gun from the armory and set it up on the balcony outside his bedroom window."

"Oh, shit!"

A collection of radiating spheres, hillbilly beer cans, metallic cones, Crabby clothes and blinking neon isosceles triangles began to grow and expand until I thought they'd crush and smother me. Buster's blatherings turned from Ax-Man and revolution to the inevitability of a redskin attack; he had been popping down the dope like Good 'n' Plenty since noon.

"There's thousands of Injuns massing outside the Cube," he said in a doomed voice. "Look, here comes one now!"

Red and out of breath, the hillbilly had reappeared with a fresh six-pack of Coors under his arm. "Ah stole this from the PX," he wheezed. "Ah had a whole case, but the MPs were hot on mah tail an' ah had to scuttle the rest." He yanked a can out of the pack and staggered over to me, throwing a palsied arm around my neck. "Have a cold brew, ol' buddy, you look like you can use one."

"Get out of here, you dumb grit!" I cried, pushing the hillbilly through a flaming pyramid. He must have hit the light switch on the wall, because everything went black. I groped my way out of the Cube, into the corridor. "I'm cuttin' out before the MPs get here, Buster. You and the hayseed can spend the rest of your twisted lives in the brig together for all I care."

"Never mind the MPs, Kube Kommander, what about these Indians!"

Indian war whoops and "yip-yip-yips" spurred to a gallop my flight from Buster's insanity. Catching sight of the MPs entering the front door, I detoured into the head, found an empty shithouse stall and locked myself in. I sat on the bowl, scrunched my eyes shut and prayed for a miracle of deliverance from the impending Armageddon.

My prayers were heard.

I was on a sunny island. Dorothy Lamour, leading a bevy of exotic native girls,

presented me with a bouquet of orchids. Cocoa-skinned and saronged, the young lovelies began feeding me tropical fruits and dancing around an incredibly oversized penis that seemed to be my very own. Then Dorothy started massaging my mulesized member until whistling Fourth of July rockets shot through the air, volcanos erupted, sparkling multicolored pinwheels twirled, bands played and, screaming, my

of dope, sauntered over to the window. "Where the hell is Crabby? He oughta be back by now—God, Kube Kommander, look at this."

"Now what?"

"The MPs are out there rounding everybody up!"

I rushed to the window. "Oh, no! They're carrying people out of the barracks wrapped in straitjackets."



"We have a tradition to live up to here, mister. Lee Harvey Oswald served on this very base."

brain burst in a fire storm of red, white and blue. Through the smoke and flames there came Sgt. Maj. William Fain Watson, plowing a tank through my harem of squealing girls.

I dropped from heaven into hell.

With my skivvy drawers sopping from the orgasm, I barreled out of the shitter, back to the Cube, ignoring the pitchforked Mickey Mouse devils blocking my path, bursting through hallucinations like so many soap bubbles.

One of the rodent demons was, in fact, the hillbilly, who went crashing against a set of wall lockers.

And the nightmare was only beginning. In the Cube, Buster was struggling on the floor.

"Buster," I cried, tearing at my hair stubble, "it's the end of the world!"

Buster's pupils were the size of dimes. "It almost was the end of my world, Kube Kommander. I was lucky to escape with my scalp—no thanks to you. If those giant crabs from Crabby's locker hadn't eaten all the Indians, I'd be buzzard bait by now and my hair'd be hanging in the tepee trophy room."

We were moving deeper and deeper into bonkers territory. Buster was running around in little circles now with his wrists crossed over his head. "Let's knock off the bullshit and get me untied."

"What?"

"The giant crabs were feasting on the last redskin and I was bushwacked by the Ax-Man. He got the drop on me and tied my hands. Hahahahahahahaha!"

"What's so funny?"

"Crab got 'im. Ate the dude up, ax and all. Then the crabs all turned into flowers and trees. You should been here, Kube Kommander, it was unbelievable."

"Buster, I'm scared. Let's turn ourselves into sick bay."

"The hell with that. Let's turn ourselves into B52s and bomb the base."

"Buster, I'm serious!" I shot to my feet.

"Hail, Cerious!" Buster saluted. "Caesar sends greetings from Rome." He picked himself up off the floor, and, popping a cap Buster was rubbing his hands in glee. "It's all going according to plan."

"Plan? What plan?"

"Long live the revolution!"

I fled the Cube, gnashing my teeth, wailing about the MPs raiding the barracks, slowed only by the sticky wetness between my legs... Jesus. My skivvy drawers were still drenched with semen from the orgasm in the head. If the MPs found me like this they'd toss me in the brig till doomsday. I ripped off the drawers, stuffed them in the trash barrel at the end of the corridor and flew naked back to the Cube.

Christ! My name was stamped on those drawers—KUBE COMMANDER. I raced back down the corridor, tore the name from the canned skivvies and flushed it down the head toilet, making sure it disappeared. Back to the Cube. There was no place to hide, only Crabby's empty wall locker. I yanked it open: "Hillbilly! What are you doing in there!"

"Ain't you heard? The MPs are cartin' ever'body to the hoosegow!" He hopped out of the wall locker and sprinted out of the Cube.

Where the hell was Buster? He had touched off the revolution and vanished. I lay down on my rack with my head under the covers, waiting for the MPs to carry me from the barracks in a straitjacket.

Sounds of approaching footsteps. My number was up. The covers were yanked off my head.

"Buster!"

"Kube Kommander, you look positively bughouse."

"I'm scared, Buster, the MPs are gonna bust us."

"Don't worry. The MPs are all over at the mess hall. I just smoke-bombed the place. Let's relax and watch some TV. The moonmen are about to land."

"Moonmen?"

"That's right, Kube Kommander, the astronauts are touching down in their lunar module."

"Looner module?"

Buster switched on the set and a simulated version of America's first moon landing focused in. The image abruptly changed. Buster's dad was smiling out at us, spewing a new pitch: "Hi, friends, Buster Block here with dynamite deals for your next set of wheels. I can't take you to the moon, but why don't you come on out to Glendale for a ride in one of my reconditioned Chevys. Let's talk turkey, folks—these specially marked down beauties are just the thing for—"

"Shit," said Buster, turning his dad off, "what an asshole."

"The moonmen!" I let out a mad laugh and rushed to the window, scanning the sky. "I want to see the moonmen!"

"Moonmen mah ass." The hillbilly was back. "It's them jungle bunnies runnin' loose out there hopped up on bad dope."

"How do you know they're not moonmen dressed up as jungle bunnies?" said Buster. "Maybe it's an invasion."

"Well, feed me corn and watch me grow!"

"Hillbilly, be a modern-day Paul Revere. Roust up the barracks patriots. Tell them the moonmen are coming!"

The hillbilly's funny bone had been struck and he loosed a stream of degenerate cackles, staggering out of the Cube, echoing Buster's call to arms: "The moonmen're comin'! The moonmen're comin'!"

We heard a muffled scream and peeked out the Cube. Bobo Bello, the Black Sheep's Neanderthal barracks sergeant, was at the end of the corridor, his hairy leglike arm wrapped around the hillbilly's neck:

"Every night you druggie bastards keep me up. I can't get no SLEEEP!" he roared, slugging the hillbilly out the front door."

From outside the barracks came a sickening crunch of metal against metal and the shattering of glass. Buster and I looked out the window. The hillbilly was sprawled out on the sidewalk. Ten yards from his twisted form, in the parking lot, perched upon the hood of a rapidly disintegrating late-model Chevy, was a demon-eyed, sweat-dripping, panic-stricken black marine, swinging a sledgehammer at a clip that would have intimidated John Henry himself.

"Hey, Buster, I know that guy. He works on the flight line. He just bought that buggy from your dad with his six-year reenlistment bonus."

"Serves him right," said Buster. "That dope I gave him brought him to his senses."

"Six—"pow! The poor slob was picking up the tempo. "Mo'—" smash! "Years." Boom! "Six—" whomp! "Mo'—" fwap! "Years." Kablam!

A siren and flashing red light hearkened the arrival of the MP paddy wagon. John Henry was handcuffed and heaved into the back of the truck. They spotted the hillbilly out cold on the ground and pitched him in too.

The MPs pulled out as Crabby Bornman screech-stopped Sgt. Maj. William Fain Watson's candy apple red '66 Chevy station wagon in front of the barracks. The car, California license plate 1451, power steering,

power brakes, low mileage—a real family wagon—was a steal at \$795. Buster's dad said so himself when he sold it to him. This was the fourth time the car had been stolen in six months.

Crabby got out of the car and walked over to the window. "The revolution's off," he told Buster.

"Why?"

"I drove up to Glendale with the ammo crates. Your dad was on the balcony with that butler, Hives. He was feeding ammo belts into the machine gun while your old man kept firing at the moon. Then the cops came and—"

"Buster, look!" I interrupted. "It's your dad. He's back on the TV!"

The moon landing had been interrupted by a special bulletin, an at-the-scene report from the estate of a Glendale man who was running amok, holding off half the L.A. police force with automatic weapon fire. The camera crew zoomed in on one of the cops leaping from a second-story window onto the back of the triggerman, who was then wrestled into handcuffs by a swarm of fuzz.

"Just take the freeway," shouted the battered maniac. "Take the freeway. Drive right in, I'll be there. Take the freeway. Take it that way! Take it any way!" he screamed.

"Looks like Dad found the acid stash," said Buster Block, Jr., with disgust.

he first rays of light had already climbed the Santa Ana mountains and were winging westward for Hawaii when I was rudely shaken awake by the slab of beef that six hours earlier had strangled the hill-billy. My eyes locked on Sergeant Bello's right bicep, where a USMC bulldog growled: DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR.

"Report to Sergeant Major William Fain Watson," Bello barked, "at zero-nine-hundred."

Numbness. After so many late-show gangster movies, I finally knew how that last day on Death Row began. The past years of my marine life were reeling before my eyes when Buster crashed my thoughts.

"So, what're you gonna do, Kube Kommander?" he said, sprawling upon his rack.

"How about if I cry and tell him what a good boy I'll be if he gives me another chance?"

"Watson doesn't like marines who cry." "Why me?" I lamented.

"Why not you? You're responsible, you're the Kube Kommander," Buster saluted.

A few months till my discharge and this had to happen; 0855—at least I was prompt. My mustache was trimmed and I'd cleaned up the Cube before reporting. Maybe they'd knock a couple years brig time off for that.

A baby-faced lance corporal sat behind a desk outside Watson's office, typing the squadron plan of the day for the morrow. The boy's face had never felt a razor. Just a kid. The replacements were getting younger every day.

The door to the sergeant major's office whisked open and I walked in tall, a sneer on my lips.

"Wipe that shit-eating grin off your face," Watson scowled.

I snapped to attention, but my "Yessir!" never passed my lips; it stuck in my mouth alongside my heart, for crouched in a corner, partially hidden by the Black Sheep color standard and the Star Spangled Ban-

"I will, sergeant major."

"You'd fucking well better. Dismissed."
Dismissed? Had the governor come through with my pardon? Was I out of the hot seat? I reached for the door.

"Just a minute, corporal."

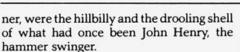
"Yes, sergeant major?"

"What were you doing last night?"

"Last night?"

"Last night."

"Moonmen mah ass," said the hillbilly. "It's just them jungle bunnies hopped up on dope."



I froze in my spit-shined shoes.

Watson handed me a piece of paper with the outline of a human face. Horizontal lines, bisected by two vertical bars, formed a tight frame around the upper lip.

"This," he said, "is a guideline for the proper military mustache. Make sure you keep yours regulation. That womb broom you had reminded me of that goddamn taco bandit, Zapata."

Watson himself had a pencil-thin Boston Blackie mustache. He stood six feet five inches tall and weighed over 300 pounds, an Oliver Hardy on stilts.

The baby-faced clerk opened the door and in came the MPs. "Lock these bastards up and throw away the key," Watson ordered them.

I shuffled to the door with the hillbilly and John Henry, who looked like zombie extras in a John Carradine movie I'd once seen.

"Where do you think you're going, Zapata?" Watson demanded. I faced him and smartly snapped back to attention as the MPs handcuffed John Henry to the hillbilly and led them away.

"You men let me know right away if you hear anything about my car," Watson told the MPs.

"Yes, sergeant major—uh, Private Blackjack was picked up last night at Disneyland. Should we send a truck up there to pick him up?"

"Disneyland? What the hell was that sheep doing at Disneyland?"

"Riding the monorail, sergeant major."

Watson staggered backwards and said in a soft, disbelieving tone, "Riding the monorail..." He shook his head. "Pick him up and restrict him to his pen."

"Yes, sergeant major."

"And you, cum-bubble, that Cube you live in is a shithouse."

"It's all squared away now, sergeant maior."

"It is, huh? Well, see that it stays that way."

"Well, I uh—" Omigod. I was either still hallucinating or Buster Block was creeping in the window behind the sergeant major.

"Well?

"I was, uh, watching the moonmen land —I mean the astronauts landing on the moon."

"Oh..."

Buster broke open two fat horse caps and dumped the white powder into the cup of coffee on the sergeant major's desk, stirred it up and disappeared back out the window.

"That was quite an achievement, wasn't it, corporal?"

"It...it certainly was, sergeant major. I don't think I'll ever get over it."

"Neither will I, corporal, neither will I."

left Watson's office and kept walking, never looking back. I wanted to hide out somewhere, away from the loony lambchops of the Black Sheep squadron, someplace the Marine Corps would never dream of looking for me.

Passing the airfield, I saw the monthly marine replacement draft loading onto the Pan Am jet for 'Nam. I joined the line, boarded the plane and took a seat in the tail section of the craft. The flight across was uneventful; I passed the time getting drunk with a party of American Indians, who babbled endlessly about Ira Hayes's flag-raising venture on Mount Surabachi and how they were going to shove Ho Chi Minh's chopsticks up his ass. I wondered if they might not be refugees from one of Buster Block's hallucinations.

When we landed in Da Nang, I debarked with the rest of the cannon fodder and kept walking. I made my way out of the camp perimeter and disappeared into the jungles of Southeast Asia, where I finally found peace. \square

This story is dedicated to Kenny Perkins, who lived it with me.

THE MOONMEN RETURNED, THEY'RE BACK ON THE GROUND, BUT YOU, MY FRIEND KENNY, WILL NEVER COME DOWN.



DO IT YOURSELF--

HYDROPONICALLY

Five different hydroponic systems and how to construct them

by Ed Rosenthal

If you've ever grown a backyard tomato, or kept a coleus alive through the winter, you have all the expertise needed to grow hydroponically. Quite simply, hydroponics is the method of cultivating plants without using soil. The plants are grown in a nonnutritive medium such as gravel or sand, or in lightweight, man-made materials such as perlite, vermiculite (a mineral-mica nutrient base) or Styrofoam. Nutrients are then supplied to the plants in one of two ways: either by soluble fertilizers that are dissolved in water, or as time-release fertilizers that are mixed into the medium.

The advantages of a hydroponics system over conventional horticultural methods are numerous and varied: Dry spots and root drowning do not occur; nutrients and pH problems are largely eliminated since the grower maintains a tight control over their concentration; there is little chance of "lockup," which occurs when nutrients are fixed in the soil and unavailable to the plant; plants can be grown more conveniently in smaller containers; and, owing to the fact that there is no messing about with soil, the whole operation is easier, cleaner and much less bothersome than when using conventional growing techniques.

Most hydroponic systems fall into one of two broad categories: passive and active. Passive systems, such as reservoir or wick setups, depend on the molecular action inherent in the wick or the medium to make water available to the plant. Active systems, which include the flood, recirculating drip and aerated water systems, use a pump to send nourishment to the plants.

Most commercially made "hobby" hydroponic systems designed for general use are built shallow and wide, so that an intensive garden with a variety of plants can be grown. But most marijuana growers prefer to grow each plant in individual containers. Indoors a three-gallon container is adequate; outdoors a five-gallon (or larger) container should be used if the water cannot be replenished frequently. Automatic systems

irrigated on a regular schedule can use smaller containers, but all containers should be deep rather than shallow so that the roots can firmly anchor the plant.

PASSIVE HYDROPONIC SYSTEMS

The wick system is inexpensive and easy to set up and maintain. The principle behind this type of passive system is that a length of %-to-%-inch-thick braided nylon rope, used as a wick, will draw enough nourishment from a reservoir filled with a water/nutrient solution to keep a growing medium moist. The container holds a rooting medium and has wicks running along the bottom and dropping through small, tight-fitting holes to the reservoir. Keeping the holes small makes it difficult for roots to penetrate to the reservoir. By increasing the number or length of wicks in contact with the medium, or the thickness of the wicks, you can increase the amount of water delivered to the medium. A three-gallon container should have two wicks, a five-gallon should have three. The wick system is selfregulating; the amount of water delivered depends on the amount lost through evaporation or transpiration.

Each medium has a maximum saturation level. Beyond that point, an increase in the number of wicks will not increase the moisture level. A 1-1-1 combination of vermiculite, perlite and Styrofoam is a convenient medium, because the components are lightweight and readily available. Vermiculite alone sometimes develops too airfree an environment and compacts so that a tall plant might tip over. Perlite, which doesn't compress, keeps the medium loose and airy. Styrofoam beads hold no water and help keep the medium drier. Pea-sized chopped polyurethane foam, gravel, sand and lava can also be used to make a medium. In any case, the bottom inch of the container should be filled only with vermiculite, which is very absorbent, so that the wicks have a good medium for moisture transfer.

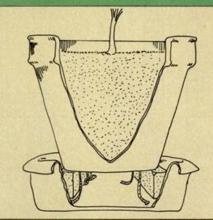
A wick system can be constructed as follows: Cut four holes, about one-half inch in diameter, on the bottom of a three-gallon container. Run the wicks through the holes so that each end extends about three inches outside the container. Unbraid the wicks to aid absorption. Put two bricks in the bottom of a deep tray (an oil drip pan will do fine), into which you've poured the water/nutrient solution, then place the container on the bricks so that the wicks are sitting in the solution. Replace the solution as it is used.

A variation of this system can be constructed using an additional outer container rather than a tray. With this method less water is lost due to evaporation. To make sure that the containers fit together and come apart easily, place the bricks in the bottom of the outer container. Fill the outer container with the water/nutrient solution until it comes to just below the bottom of the inner container.

The reservoir system is even less complex than the wick system. For this setup all you need do is fill the bottom 2 or 3 inches of a 12-inch-deep container with a coarse, porous, inert medium like lava, ceramic beads or chopped pottery and then pour in the nutrient/water solution. Variations on this method include a plastic flower pot or grow bag sitting directly in a tray or pail of the nutrient/water solution. All passive systems should be watered from the top down so that any surface buildup of nutrients caused by evaporation gets washed back to the bottom.

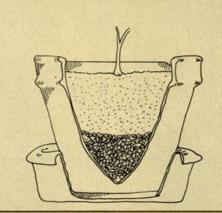
ACTIVE HYDROPONIC SYSTEMS

The flood system consists of a tub or container holding a medium that is completely flooded on a regular basis, usually once, twice or three times daily, depending on growth stage and environmental factors. The medium holds enough moisture between irrigations to meet the needs of the plant. First-generation commercial green-continued on page 65



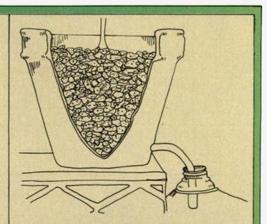
The wick system

A plastic container with four-and-a-half-inch nylon wicks. The container is sitting on two bricks in a plastic oil pan.



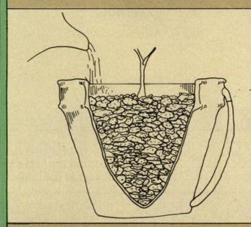
The reservoir system

A plastic container sitting in an oil pan which is kept filled with water. The bottom half of this container is filled with lava and the top half with vermiculite.



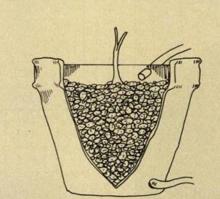
The flood system

A simple flood system in drained position.



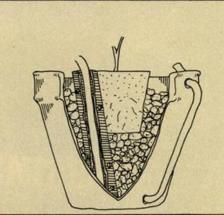
The flood system, cont'd

Container being flooded manually. This unit could easily be used as a component in a larger, automatic system by attaching the tube to a pipe leading to a central reservoir and pump.



The drip emitter system

The drainage tube can lead back to a central reservoir or the water can be recirculated using a small aquarium pump.



The aerated water system

A plastic column allows air to flow freely upward. The water circulates and picks up oxygen from the air at the surface and from the bubbles.

Hydroponics Potpourri

GERMINATION

In most systems, with most mediums, seeds can be germinated in the unit, but mediums with large pieces such as lava or pea gravel will not hold seeds in place. Make little beds of vermiculite in the coarser medium and plant the seeds there.

Aerated water units cannot be used to germinate seeds. Instead, start them in peat pellets or small pots filled with vermiculite or vermiculite-based mix. Transplant them when they are two weeks old. Cuttings and rooted cuttings can also be planted in hydroponic units.

NUTRIENTS

Choose a fertilizer designed for hydroponic growing. Make sure that it supplies adequate amounts of nitrogen during early growth stages. Typical hydroponic fertilizers have nutrient ratios of 9-5-10 or 18-6-16 (nitrogen [N]-phosphorus [P]-potassium [K]). Fertilizers used for later growth should have lower ratios of N. In addition to N-P-K, the fertilizers should supply secondary and micro-nutrients, which will be listed on the label of the fertilizer package. Some fertilizers seem to be deficient in magnesium (cor-

rect by using Epsom salts) and iron-zincmanganese (available in combination at large nurseries).

The pH level can also affect solubility of nutrients, so try to keep the water at between 6.3 and 6.8. (The easiest way to gauge your pH level is by using pH paper. You can pick some up at any garden shop.) Before mixing the nutrients into the water adjust the pH using sulfuric, nitric or citric acid if it is too high; lime or baking soda if it is too low.

Whatever system you decide to use, once the nutrient/water solution is added, replacement water should be nutrient free. If you notice a drop in growth, or a nutrient deficiency, adjust the nutrient solution. For instance, if the plants show signs of a potassium deficiency (necrotic leaf tips and edges, yellowing of leaves) add K. Once the nutrient problem is corrected the plant will respond quickly, and the improvement should be apparent in a few days.

About once every month or two, replace the water/nutrient solution. The throwaway water makes a good garden fertilizer. Every other time you change the water, rinse the medium with clear water to wash away any salts that have been left and replace with new nutrient/water solution.

HOW TO MAKE

A UNIVERSAL HYDROPONIC UNIT

It is easy to make a unit that can be used for all the systems described. Take a two-to-five-gallon plastic container and cut a hole near the bottom large enough to hold snugly a plastic tube with a minimum inside diameter of % inch. Cut the tube three inches taller than the pot. Push one and a half inches of the tube through the hole from the outside and affix the end to the inside bottom using a silicone or other type of glue, or PVC tape. Caulk the seal with plastic glue or caulk. Making a tight, leak-proof seal can be difficult if the plastics are incompatible. Roughing both surfaces sometimes helps.

Another way of attaching the tube is to use a piece of threaded plastic pipe, two washers and two nuts. Tighten the two nuts on either side of the container wall.

It is advisable to use clear plastic tubing so that you can see the water level and drainage action. If you are using a two-container system such as the wick or reservoir, it is still easier to use an outer container with a tube, which facilitates draining. Some commercial units have no drainage, which makes changing the nutrient/water solution difficult.





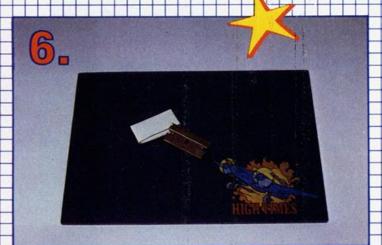












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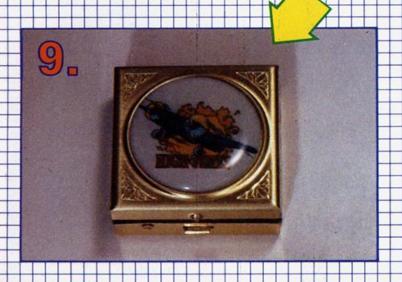
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DOGFIGHT!

continued from page 47

the pit bull and look to the creature as a model for human behavior. Really. Dogfighters look back on an imagined past when men were tough individuals, straight dealers, iron-spined honest Joes, dangerous but forthright, ballsy but cool. Courage is a trait more precious to them than life itself, they think. The dogfighter has a strong identification with his animal, and in his mind the spirit of the pit bull and his own blur in a sort of mystical conjunction; it is in some measure the man who is in the pit, risking his honor and life for some ambiguous but dear principle. The dog is a living manifestation of the fighter's pride-his ego unleashed, his hatred and fear of a world too civilized, animated into a physical beast with fire in its eyes and its teeth in another. In pit bull circles the highest compliment a dog handler may receive is to be favorably compared with his own dog. They call it being "game."

... Mohammed is going down. His bettors scream instructions, but he doesn't heed. Impetus remains with Mozart. He rips his teeth out of the shoulder and rams his weight into Mohammed's chest, drops his head and comes up with a mouthful of bloody muscle. Mohammed tears at his face but Mozart is obsessed; his lip is hanging from his muzzle and blood streaks over his shoulders-he is almost covered with it. Mohammed latches onto an ear, and the dogs begin a gruesome pirouette, moving slowly in a half circle and then sideways. I imagine I hear the breaking of a branch, the snap of a twig, but I'm not alone. The handler's face is shining and the word "busted" spits out of a dozen different mouths. Mohammed shows no anguish but the leg is clearly ruined. Mozart continues to work it. Breaux must stop the fight-but he doesn't.

I smell a joint. The people in front of me crowd my view. I let them. I am shoved in the shoulder blade by a young woman whose face is contorted by some vile passion: I am in her way and she can't see. I move behind a thick knot of the crowd where I cannot see and I'm left alone. Tex will tell me later of Mohammed's courage, his quickness and wrestling ability, his keen judgment, and his broken legs. Mozart was fanged and his left cheek shredded, but the eye would be okay. Even to the last, Mohammed was willing to scratch, to drag himself over the line and into Mozart's mouth. He kept trying, but he just couldn't stand up.

I buy a Tall Boy for two dollars and stay close to the reefer. There would be two more fights tonight. In four hours I would be on a dogfighter's ranch, photographing his dogs and equipment for my employer's edification. In seven hours I would be decompressing on a DC-9, 46 hours without sleep, winging back to civilization. Right now Breaux is taking Mohammed outside. He is wrapped in the green army blanket and tucked under an arm. As they pass I notice Mohammed's eyes as they tick unseeingly from side to side. □

GROW AMERICAN

continued from page 61

houses using this method usually were built with long beds of gravel that were systematically flooded. Today, the flood system is most often used with individual containers, with each container being attached to the reservoir using tubing or a leak-proof seal.

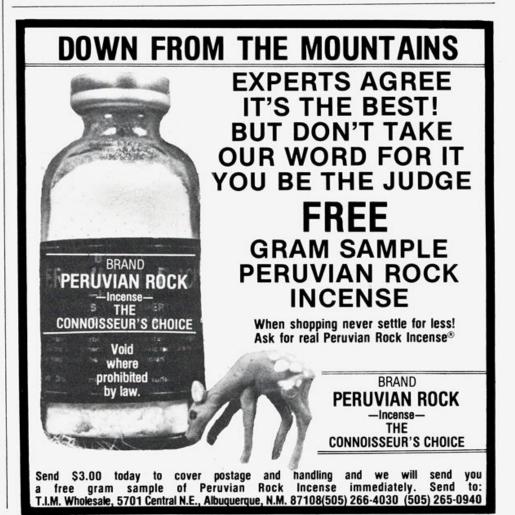
With this system growers have a choice of mediums including sand, pebbles, chopped-up rubber tires, pea-sized lava, gravel and vermiculite-perlite-Styrofoam mixes. A recommended mixture for this setup would be one part each perlite and Styrofoam and two parts vermiculite, or one part vermiculite and four parts lava. [Note: Because perlite and Styrofoam are lighter than water and will float if this system is fully flooded, they should not be used alone as a medium in this system.]

A simple flood system can be constructed using a container with a tube attached at the bottom and a one-gallon jug. Fill the container with the medium. Each day pour the water/nutrient solution from the jug into the container, holding the tube up so that no water drains out. Then let the water drain back into the jug. Some water will be absorbed by the medium, so fill the jug to its original level before the next watering. The plants' water needs increase during the lighted part of the daily cycle, so the best time to water is as the light cycle begins. If

the medium does not hold enough moisture between waterings, increase their frequency. Flood systems can be automated using an air pump to push water from the reservoir into the growing unit.

Drip emitters are complete systems that can be bought in nurseries or garden shops and have been used to water individual plants in gardens and homes for years. They can also be used with a central reservoir and a pump so that the water/nutrient solution may be redistributed periodically. If you opt for this system, make sure you buy self-cleaning emitters so that the dissolved nutrients do not clog with salt deposits. Start pumping about a gallon every six hours during the daylight hours. Drip emitters can be used with semiporous mediums such as ceramic beads, lava, gravel, sand or perlite-vermiculite-Styrofoam mixtures.

The aerated water system is probably the most complex of the hydroponic systems, and because it allows the least margin for error, it should only be used by growers with previous hydroponic experience. To put together an aerated water system you must first construct a clear air channel in your container. This is done by inserting a plastic tube cut with holes through the medium. Then place a fish tank aerator at the bottom of the plastic tube. The air channel allows the air to circulate and not disturb the roots, and the roots use the oxygen dissolved in the water.





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VERTICAL SMILES

continued from page 41

paid and leave.

Ron, ever the pro, gave plenty of notice and shot his wad way up my back.

"Reach back and take some on your fingers!" Jimmy screamed. "Bring it to your mouth! You're in ecstasy!" Oh really? I had just been thinking how wonderful that it was all over. The last thing I was going to do was smear some strange guy's cum on my lips. In these films women are supposed to appear as if they've just received a magic potion for eternal life just by having some guy's cum shot all over them. Jimmy was very upset when he ran out of film, as I was still apprehensively dabbing my fingers in the sticky substance sliding down my back.

My first loop took about an hour and a half. After showering and douching I dressed for my next debut. This was to be my first lesbian film.

The idea of lesbian sex was not shocking to me nor was it new. As well as having done some pubescent exploration with my little girl friends at the ripe age of 12, I had gone through a brief period of trying "to find out if I preferred girls." After a few flings, I had decided they were lovely to touch, but give me a hard cock anytime.

A mildly attractive girl walked in, said an even milder hello, and proceeded to get dressed. For this loop we were dressed in miniskirts, knee socks and pigtails. I don't remember much from this film except being presented with a large array of oddlooking sex toys that we were to use on each other. This was also my first encounter with K-Y jelly, the old dependable, everpresent on porn shoots when natural juices aren't flowing enough. I didn't enjoy it at all, but felt rather foolish and uncomfortable. Our "sex" bore no resemblance to anything I had ever experienced with girls, and my partner seemed totally uninterested. I was happy to learn in later girl-girl scenes that most of the women in films are somewhat bisexual and much more fun to work with. The only good thing about this second loop was discovering that without having to get penises hard and waiting for cum shots, the filming time is cut by about half.

Once I got through the loops, I entered the world of 35mm films, complete with (real) auditions, scripts, stars and producers and directors that worked for better quality. Hard Soap, Hard Soap was my first of this genre (for which I'd receive my first nomination for an "Erotica" award, the porn industry's answer to the Oscars). A takeoff on the old "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" series, I was teamed up with Laurien Dominique, an old theater crony of mine from our days of musical comedies in San Francisco. And our leading man? None other than the infamous John Holmes.

For those of you who don't read newspapers, John is presently making the news for continued on page 85

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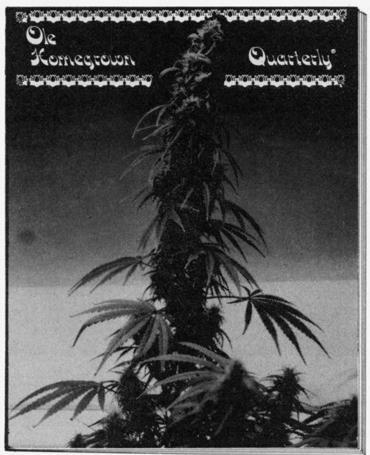
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READERS' FOCK REVIEW

In the hallowed tradition of "Grow American," our monthly marijuana column, we figured we'd take it easy this time round and have our readers amuse themselves with their own goddamn pictures of cocaine.

-the Editors



Matthew Sommers Hazel Park, Michigan



Colly Cibber Ontario, Canada



Ali Gupla Eagle Mountain, California



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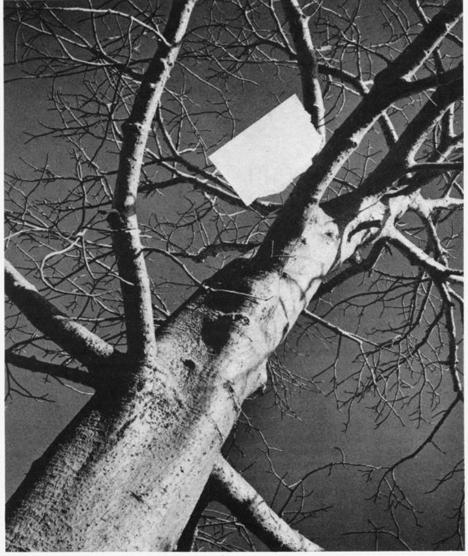
Two Bits

Wednesday, July 7, 1982

Weather: Who knows?

Total Sales Since 1862: 9,875,762,389,421

PIECE OF PAPER CAUGHT IN TREE!!



CRAZED WEATHER CONTINUES TERROR RIOT

SANITATION AUTHORITIES completed lightning cleanup of day-be-fore-yesterday's terror windstorm with daring daylight extraction of a wad of trash paper from elm sapling on West 384th Street. Number of casualties sustained during cleanup operation was not released, but municipal chiefs express confidence in ability to handle aftermath of any future meteorlogical terror attacks.

\$23,000,000 SWINDLE!

Play MUGGO, Page 2!

Iomi Kharas/Globe photos

ISRAEL BOMBS BEIRUT

See p. 34

PAGE2 JULY 7, 1982 N.Y. PEST

Game #978

TODAY'S MUGGO **NUMBERS**

37

58

1,435

68

41/2

76

16

2.45

25

33

45

65

22

64

7³4

MUGGO HOTLINE Dial 911

MUGGO WINNERS







Anneline Batheus-Perault



Det. Lt. James O'Shaughnnesv

Undertaker Gets New Slant on Job, Thanks to MUGGO!!

County assistant medical examiner Jackson Rufus was only taking home \$164.98 after taxes, before playing MUGGO. Now his family's getting over \$200 a

week in life insurance and veteran's benefits! Jackson's last words, as we opened the trunk of the black limousine on the shady back road, and he look-

ed up into the 9mm Browning automatic pointed between his eyes, were, "Say what?"

Lovely Anneline Batheus-Perault was a 19-year-old exchange student from Belgium, when she happened to spy MUGGO winner Jackson Rufus being

HERE'S HOW TO

PLAY MUGGOIII

Just send us, neatly typed, on a 4"x5" file card, your name, address, social security number, any credit-card numbers, estimated annual income, list of any bank accounts, names of four closest loved ones and sketch of the route you take on the way home from work, OTB office, tavern or whatever. Also list any guns in your home, the caliber, and where they're kept. Then we'll send you a personalized MUGGO card with a string of numbers and letters on it. If they match the list below, you've won \$20,000,000!! If they don't match, you only owe is \$1500, payable in easy installments of \$30 every Saturday, with a 20 percent interest rate compounded monthly until total payoff, and the rate doubled every week you miss a paymetnb. YOU HAVE TO PLAY MUGGO!! Notice the magic inscription int eh corner of this MUGGO advertisement? See it? Look close. There!! Now if you don't play MUGGO, the Curse of the Digger will lie on you and your loved ones for all time to come! So play MUGGO today, or tomorrow you may wind up looking at the world through honeybee's eyes.

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$!!!!\$\$\$\$!

777777777777

Here are today's numbers from Super Sleep-O in that other pinko crypto-fascist tabloid in town: 86

dragged into a black limousine, and was stupid enough to scream aloud. Thanks to MUGGO, her picture was in all the papers for days, in the USA and Europe.

Lt. James O'Shaughnnesy of the Rackets, Prostitution and Obscenity Squad \$14,000 richer today because of MUGGO! "I keep my lucky number with me all the time," says Jimmy. "Right next to my gun."

> Next month: BILKO! Coming FRAUDO! the works: WANNA-BUY-A-WATCHO??!!

CORRUPTION AS USUAL

By Jack Slanderson

AMERICANS HAVE been put through the royal wringer again, with the disgusting payoff in taxpayer funds of \$11,800 to underwrite the Jamaican junket of Rep. Stanley Schliepmann, ranking majority member of the House Select Committee on Crime. Schliepmnn and his staff of six spent four days in Kingston, helling it uyp on the federal tab, under the transparently futile excuse of trying to dig up dirt on the unjustly Senator beleaguered Jefferson Thomas "Haystack" Underhand, scion of one of the noblest anbd richest families in the American government

AMERICANS HAVE been put through the royal wringer again, with the dis-

As my associate Les Takeitandrun has solidly documented here, nothing could further outrage decent ears than charges that Sen. Underhand runs a string of casino-brothels in

Jamaica, as the first stage in a long and paranoiacally complex process by which mafia narcotics money is laundered through U.S. banks and casinos in Florida, New Jersey and Nevada, to mill back through neighborhood "runners" for petty

sports-betting syndicates. Reports that Sen. Underhand personally owns banks in Luxembourg, zurich and the Cayman Islands are flatly trumped-up and unprovable, without documentation in the copossesscontinued on page 4

HOT STEAMIN' SLIP Yesterday was the first real scorcher of the summer, and pert Naomi Markowitz took advantage of the sun to start on her total tan. Lucky for me, lucky for you the PEST was there to catch all the action.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

ECONOMY

PRES. RONALD REAGAN charged congressional opposition with "premeditated pettifogging" as he submitted his 15th budgetreorganization scheme for approval. Saying the U.S. economy is 'too complicated and important to be left up to a pack of lard-bucket lawyers, alcoholics and Baltimore prostitute clients,"REagan threa-tened to control federal budget henceforth by a one-man executive edict if Washington lawmakers take more than five days to approve the new reorganization paln.

NEWEST CARIBBEAN WAR

TAKEOVER OF BELIZE BY Guatemala is "proceeding smoothly," according to U.S. State Department Latin Affairs expert Thomas O. Enditall. Foreign journalists were still embargoed from the little-known Central American nation 21 days after Guatemalan military action started there. Radio reports from Belize that 3 million have been killed on suspicion of being Communists or jour-nalists were termed "ridiculous" by Enditall, who produced State Department documents showing that no one at all has been harmed by Guatemalan occupationec pation troops.

"BLACK" DEATH

ANTIBIOTIC-RESISTANT strain of pasturella pestis claimed 316 more lives in Phoemix and 311 in Ogden last week, while reports of new infections were reported in Albuquerque, Denver, Sonora and Kew Gardens, Queens. "There is no reason for public panic. Rumors that this is the so-called Black Death of the Middle Ages are completely out of line," said President Reagan's newly appointed Commisioner of Pestilence, Dr. Johanna Putt, who is black herself. "The old Black Death could have been treated by penicillin, if only they'd had it back then. This can't, so it's something else."

ASTEROID TO MISS?

"STANLEY," THE NEWLYdiscovered "Apollo object" whose orbit takes it across the earth's, is only six kilometers wide and is probably made up of mere "carbonaceous chondrite" material, reports President Reagan's new Commissioner for cosmic Catastrophes, Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky (deceased). "The impact, expected to occure in the region of the Siai desert on [date deleted], will barely even part the Red Sea," assures a handout from Velikovsky's office, deep beneath a mountain in [state deleted]. "Survivors can expect to subsist on a healthy diet of manna, falling from the skies in pderax v12 *CncB\$ etaoin shurdlu etaoin shurdlu. 30. repeat 30. again 30.

EDITORIAL

THE COLUMN "NEWS IN A Nutshell" has been permanently discontinued, firmly declares new publisher Burpert C. ("Digger') Murderch, Australian journalism magnate and foremost proponent of Aborigine Journalism. "It was just a bloody fookin bringdown, all bloody fookin politics and bloody fookin disasters that always happebn to somebody bloody fookin else, not to the who buys bloke bloody fookin paper, right? So why bloody bother, right? Yer fired, mate, right? Get out or

THE OLD, OLD, OLD NEW LEFT

By Murray Unkempton

IN THE COMMONWEALth of Masachusetts, which hereto fore had been regarded as a veritable Arcadia of privikege and common sense, in the classic Painean definition of an abundance of judgment amid an abundance of material comfort. we now hear rumors of discontented men in white sheets congregating in mortgaged split-level garages to preach race hatred and burn crosses. We can hardly believe our tired old eyes. We remove our bifocals, wipe them thoroughly and squint again. Yes, it's true. The Klan is alive and well in New England.

Ah, that I should ever live to see the day! I know, I was marveling at my remarkable longevity 50 years ago, and so were you, and I was making these selfsame anruished diagnoses of social ills then as now, but as long as editors keep on buying them, I suppose that means you must still be reading them, so here we go again.

There is a tragic discontinuity in this phenomenon of continued on page 4

PAGE 4

JULY 7, 1982

THE NEW RIGHTEOUSNESS

By J.R. Edmonton Forsythe Hicklin IV Jr.

AS SOON AS OUR PRESIdent said the first tiny little thing about revising the Civil Rights Act, predictably, we saw mobs of Negros protesting viciously against it. When Ronald Reagan breathed the slightest criticism of abortion, legions of women instantly erupted into seething venom. When he only suggested revamp-ing Social Security, organized phalanges of old people took to the streets, rioting and buring. The media, just as predictably, played it all to the hilt, making heroes of these various malcontents

against the monstrous discrimination against us foureyed, pizza-faced offspring of famous Korean War colonels? How many Washington parties aren't we invited to every season, and why? How many newspaper editors and television news chiefs secretly laugh

and drum-beating for their

so-called, self-styled, rights.

who speaks for my interests? Who cries out

Well, I'd just like to know

at us behind their hands to our faces, and make snarky jokes behind our backs about the supposed state of our underwear? Why is it we never get laid unless we pay for it?

Yeah, Mr. Reagan. That's what I'd like to know. We're waiting for an answer.

CORRUPTION

continued from page 3
ion of Sen. Underhand and
my associate, Les Takeitandrun.

Rep. Schliepmann's latest entry into this string of wild prejudicial fairy ta-les about Sen. Underhand has the esteemed senator (a generous contributor to Little League bnaseball and the San Giancana Memorial Italian-American Antidefamation League) actually sponsoring a sort of trans-Caribbean paramilitary hit squad, veritably a private army, equipped with U.S.-issue military ordnance. And yet Congress still paid for this madman's five-figure Caribbean jaunt with your money!

Luckily, a partial refund is in order. Rep. Schliepmann and his parasites only managed to spend \$8,375 of that money before six .50-caliber Browning machine guns happened to misfire into Schliepmann's van in a Kingston back street (where they were up to heaven knows what), killing all inside.

PLAY MUGGO

THE OLD, NEW LEFT

continued from page 3

the Klan's reappearance in privileged New England. It means, of course, that New England can't be so almighty privileged after all, if obscenities like this now occur there. If there are actual white proletarians in New England, though, they really should be aping all the worst characteristics of their privileged betters (c.f. Franz Fanon). But no one in New England of any rank at all would ever don a sheet with ugly Klan markings and troll through the ghetto in panel trucks to pick off the stray Negro with deer rifles. This is just not done there! I f these people are actual proletarians, that is, then why don't they behave like it, and simply refuse to rent to black people, discriminate them out of their social clubs, and so on, in the fashion of traditional New England gentry? I f these sheet-wearing people are actual proletarians, then why don't they behave like



AIRES (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19): Remember, after every storm there's a rainbow. Or something. Most of the time, anyway. If you were smart enough to look for it

TAURUS (Apr. 20 - May 20): There you go again, putting your winnings in the bank. Prsident Reagan doesn't like that, you know. It does no good in the bank at all. Selfish!

GEMINI (May 21 - June 21): You be not makin' no more all this damn trouble for everybody, you hera? you go get you some hair straightener and you *drop* that attitude, my man!

CANCER (May 21 - July 22): Ever wonder why they call it "cancer"? You can stop womdering.

LEO (July 22 - Aug. 22): Read the Book of Acts, fool! Jesus doesn't believe in horoscopes. Astrology is sinful devil's work, He says so Himself. Repent or be lost and burn in hell forever and ever!

APOLLO (Aug. 23 - Sept. 21): You have no one to blame but yourselves, Virgos. Since the last census showed that there were no longer any virgins in the USA old enough to read horoscopes, we had to change the name.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 - Oct. 23): It's the milkman. Every day while you're at work, he screws her silly from noon to two. Go home early tomorrow, with an ax.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 - Nov. 21): Drugs are never the answer. Drugs won't make the bad things any better or easier to bear. Drugs are the coward;s way out. Suicide's the thing for you!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21): Do not despair: BEethoven was a Sagittarian. Do not presume: Strom Thurmond is a Sagittarian.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 - Jan 19): Ever notice how Capricorn only has 28 days in it? All the others have 29 and 30 days, 'cept for high-and-mighty Cancer, which has 31 days!! The odds are against you, Capricorn.

AQUARIUS (Jan 2] - Feb. 18): "Aquarius." that's funny. Whatever happened to the "Age of Aquarius," that flower-power parody of the thousand-year-reich? Where have you been lately, Aquarius? What a joke.

PISCES (Feb. 19 - Mar. 20): Keep on hanging in there, that's all. You're looking good, babe, doing fine. Just go on out there and take it on the chin, and get up and do it again. It's fun to watch.

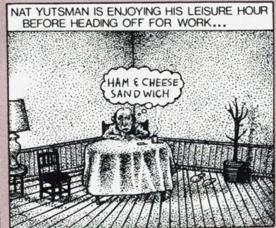
*

DEAR CRABBY is on vacation. Her column will resume after she recuperates from her recent frontal lobotomy. Flowers and get-well wishes to CRABBY, Mt. Sinai Hospital, NY. And that means, you, SELF-ISH AND SORRY.

NAT YUTSMAN ELEVATOR MAN

BY DREW FRIEDMAN









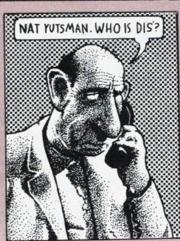


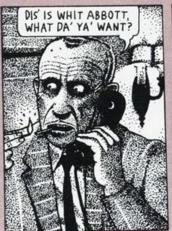






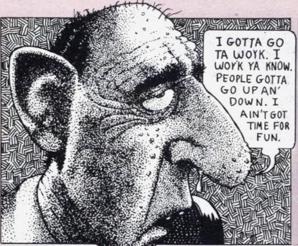




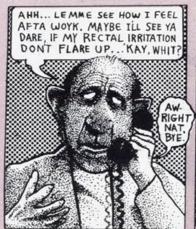








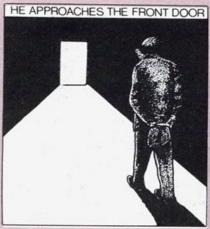




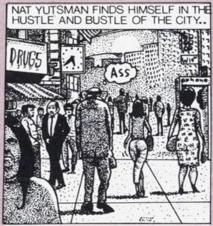


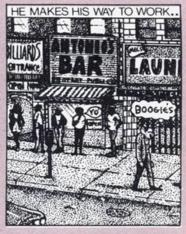


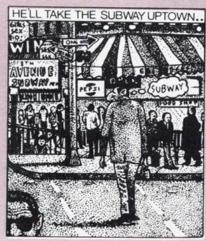
















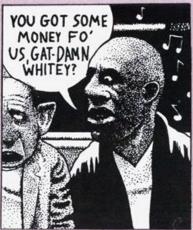








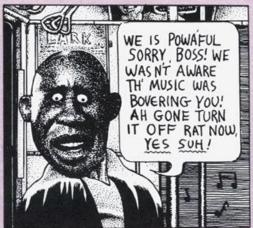




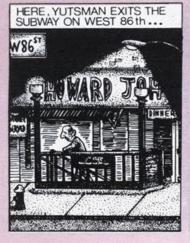














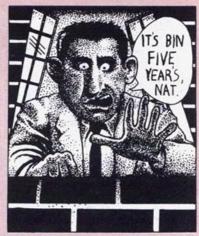




















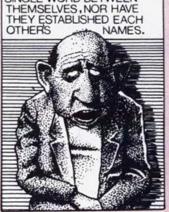




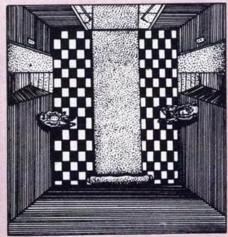


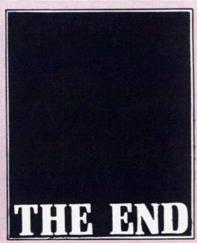


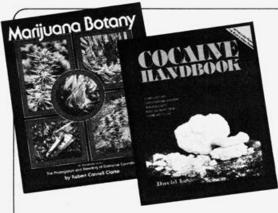




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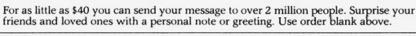
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As we always used to say, Gage is more of a medicine than a dope. But with all the riggermaroo going on, no one can do anything about it. After all, the vipers during my haydays are way up there in age—too old to suffer those drastic penalties. So we had to put it down. But if we all get as old as Methusela our memories will always be of lots of beauty and warmth from gage. Well, that was my life and I don't feel ashamed at all. Mary Warner, honey, you sure was good and I enjoyed you 'heep much'. But the price got a little too high to pay (law wise). At first you was a 'misdemeanor'. But as the years rolled on you lost your misdo and got meanor and meanor. (Jailhousely speaking.) Sooo 'Bye Bye'. I'll have to put you down, Dearest.

Louis Armstrong in Jones and Chilton, Louis, 1971 (In point of fact, he enjoyed marijuana almost until his death)



262 DRUNKENNESS ALSO WILL BE PROhibited by law and punishable as a crime against humanness of man who is turned into a brute under the influence of alcohol.

Protocols of the Elders of Zion

263 AN 18-YEAR-OLD YOUTH drowned yesterday in the reservoir in Central Park, where he had gone swimming at about midnight with friends who had just graduated from Stuyvesant High School.

Friends said Mr. McLaughlin was a strong swimmer. The police offered no explanation for the drowning, but one police report said the youth appeared to be intoxicated.

Gil Schmerler, the principal, said he was a "pretty good student, a B-student, generally with a smattering of A's." He said Mr. McLaughlin, who had been especially interested in architecture and alternative forms of energy had planned to postpone college for a year and to travel and work instead.

"He was an extremely friendly kid," Mr. Schmerler said. "I saw him mainly with a smile on his face."

New York Times, June 6, 1981

264 FRANK, WHO EARNS \$150,000 A year as a 30-year-old vice president of a Wall Street banking firm, spends his weekday lunch hours receiving doses of methadone at a clinic. He is a heroin addict.

"Heroin Addiction: Problem for Middle Class Also," New York Times, Feb. 26, 1982



265 "HARE" TODAY, "GANJA" TOMOR-

anti-Eastern philosophies slogan, U.S., 1970s

266 How DID I MAKE IT TO 99? I don't drink and I don't criticize anyone that drinks.

Eubie Blake on EyeWitness News, WABC-TV, New York, Feb. 6, 1982



267 I ASKED HER IF POT HAD HELPED kidding! What d'ya mean find yourself? All this business about grass helping you to know yourself is bull! How can you do that when all you do is talk to yourself, then giggle your ass off for a couple of hours."

Father Roland Melody in Narco Priest, 1971

268 I HAVE TAKEN MORE OUT OF ALCOof me.

Winston Churchill

269 I ONCE ASKED DR. TIMOTHY who had had a good belladonna trip. He replied flatly, "No, never."

Robert Anton Wilson, Sex and Drugs

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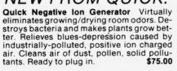


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VERTICAL SMILES

continued from page 67

his connection with the cocaine-related murders of four people in Los Angeles. But when I met John back in 1975, he was still only famous for his "Johnny Wadd" detective series, and for having the largest cock known to have been bestowed upon a mortal. Though he wasn't a particularly greatlooking man, the mystique surrounding such a fact filled me with curiosity and desire. I mean, what thrill-seeking, healthy young woman wouldn't want to experience a 13-inch cock? (Rumor had it that wealthy women everywhere were paying John a fortune to get stuffed with this monstrosity of a dick. Supposedly, that's how he got the humongous multidiamond initial ring he always wore.) The only problem was I didn't have a scene with him. (I did have one a year later in a film called Pizza Girls.) But that didn't stop ol' Johnny. We were all called in for a script rehearsal when he started making his moves. After all, I was a new girl on the scene, and he wasn't going to allow me to slip by without getting at least a taste. And that he did. As I was to discover, tasting was John's favorite act.

As we sat around and ran lines, it became increasingly difficult for me to keep my eyes on the script due to John's famous bulge. Especially with the glances and innuendos that he was tossing my way. It was (finally!) time for a break. At that, John stood up, grabbed my hand and escorted me into another room. The rest of them could wait to resume rehearsals. Right now, Mr. Holmes was busy. I was filled with anticipation. I couldn't believe I was going to get to see this famous giant cock, and better yet, to sample it. Only when he took it out, all thick 13 inches of it, I also became a bit frightened. Was I, little me, really going to be able to fit all that in? I was about to have my first lesson in total relaxation of the vaginal muscles. John, being quite the pro, knew just how to do it. First he indulged himself in a bit of pussy licking, getting me all turned on so that I'd be juicy and relaxed enough for him. Then he proceeded with actual insertion, starting very slowly and carefully, making sure not to hurt me. As I mentioned before, he was as thick as he was long, so it was of great importance that his partner be totally relaxed in order to let the walls of her vagina open wide enough to let him inside. I know many women are into fist fucking, which also demands extreme relaxation. But for me, it was the first time anything that large had attempted entry. It was an incredible feeling. There was no pain involved, as I was quite wet, and unlike the bumpy, bony feeling of a hand going inside, his cock was smooth and silky and felt very right. He had hardly to move, for the sheer volume of size being forced inside me produced an all-consuming effect of ecstasy and utter helplessness. I lay back and let him do his thing, as he gently pushed himself in and out of me, increasing his speed slightly as he went

I GOT MY ENTIRE HOUSE CLEANED BY LETTING SOME GUY JERK OFF WHILE HE LICKED THE BOTTOMS OF MY FEET.

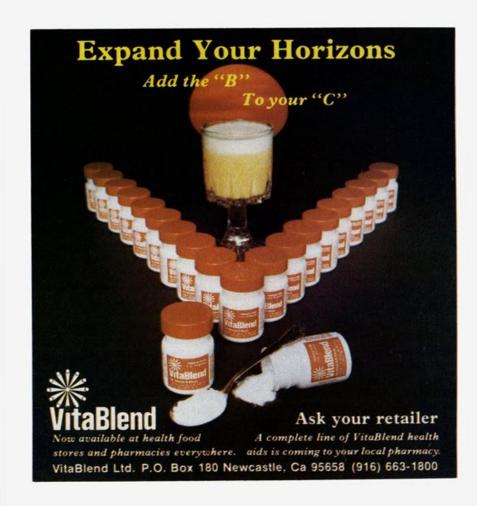
along. He never got really forceful or frenzied inside of me, as I think that might have been painful the first time. When he came he simply pulled out, as he's probably done millions of times for films, and laid his heavy cock on my stomach as I watched it shoot and ooze his thick creamy cum on me. I went back to rehearsals a little embarrassed, but very happy. I would never forget my session of love with the legendary John Holmes.

Having mentioned John's sordid connection with a cocaine/murder trial in L.A., I'd like to briefly discuss drugs on porn-film sets. Very simply, there are none. And when there are, it's kept very quiet for fear of the producer finding out. There have been a few times when I've been invited in-

to a bathroom by another actor or actress and offered a snort of cocaine. Coke is regarded very unfavorably on the set. There've been a couple of times when guys spent the previous evening partying with sex and cocaine, resulting in a torturous day for all on the set. Most people become erotic performers for one or both of the following reasons: good money and/or a tremendously active libido. Each of those reasons provides enough motivation to perform sexually without the aid of drugs on the set

John Holmes wasn't the only porn stud I was enthralled with. I remember going to see a film that starred my close friend Leslie Bovee, and walking out of the theater mesmerized with the image of Jamie Gillis. Again, he wasn't the most gorgeous man, but he possessed an aura of fierce masculinity that verged almost on looming danger. Jamie always seemed to play sadistic and/or masochistic roles, and the reason for that was no secret: That's what he liked, on screen or off. The role he played in this film was rather sadistic, and touched upon an area yet unexplored in my own sexuality. This fact, and his own personal magnetism, made me very much want to meet him. The opportunity was not far away, and, as with John Holmes, I would get to live out my fantasy in private rather than under hot lights and staring cameras.

continued on next page



VERTICAL SMILES

continued from preceding page

Just a short time after seeing Jamie on screen, I received a call from Annette Haven about being in a party scene for the movie 10, with Bo Derek and Dudley Moore. Annette had personal ties to John and Bo Derek. She and Leslie Bovee had starred in an X-rated film produced by Bo and directed by John. It was done at a time when Bo's stardom still looked unsure, and the Dereks had sold everything they owned except for the truck they lived in with its personally designed fur and leather interior. Entitled Love You, it was to represent the "epitome of eroticism."

For 10 Annette had agreed to line up 20 porn stars who would be willing to appear nude, Jamie Gillis being one of them. It was for the scene in which Dudley Moore, after taking many painkillers for a tooth extraction, finally gets up the nerve to go over to one of the wild pool parties being thrown by his neighbor. I'm featured wearing a bright red dress talking to Dudley, along with Serena and Annette who are rigged up in leather paraphernalia. But don't expect to see us in any but the movie-theater version. All other prints have substituted this terribly risqué scene with a milder version.

But shooting that scene was the least of our fun. The real excitement took place the first day we were scheduled to shoot but were rained out. Sent back to our hotel rooms with nothing to do, it didn't take long before 20 porn stars found some way of entertaining each other. It also didn't take long to line up some cocaine. Once inside our room with the goods, we proceeded to lay out the lines so that they spelled a big MGM, a tribute to the company that had supplied our "goodie" money.

After a while we were joined by several other partners in crime, among them, Jamie Gillis. I don't think Jamie ever partook of our "goodies"; he was more interested in my spikes. I was sitting on the bed chatting with some others when suddenly I felt a warm, wet sensation on my toes. I looked down to find Jamie laid out on the floor. clutching my leg, as he licked and nibbled at my foot that was graced with a bright red, open-toed, high-heeled shoe. I wasn't particularly turned on by having my foot worshiped, but I was thrilled to have been singled out by this gruff man of my fantasies. It didn't take long before he moved up my leg and onto the bed. Before I knew it, we were putting on a live sex act for anyone who cared to watch, who turned out to be the immigrant bellboys who were delivering our numerous bottles of champagne and trays of hors d'oeuvres. It wasn't that I didn't mind exposing myself to these strangers, I was just too overwhelmed by my illicit goings-on with Jamie to even notice or care. However, I did finally decide that a little privacy was in order, and invited Jamie to continue in my own room. It was wonderful making love to him. Though we



didn't get into any kinky S&M scene, he was sublimely forceful, ravaging me as no one had ever done before.

Needless to say, our "scene" at L.A.'s conservative Ramada Inn hotel caused quite a stir. Annette Haven stirred up quite a frenzy amongst the hotel employees when she was spotted running down the hall in her open-breasted leather gear. And her room was like a scene out of a Fellini movie with people in leather and chains whipping one another into good behavior. The event made headlines in Rona Barrett's column the next day, and all room service was denied to us from then on.

Getting to screw my favorite male studs wasn't the only fringe benefit of working in porn movies. Once I got my entire house cleaned just for letting some guy jerk off while he licked the bottoms of my feet. I had just moved to New York and found a fabulous two-story brownstone apartment complete with backyard, only it was a filthy mess. My dear friend, porn star Merle Michaels, came to my aid when she told me about a guy that offered his services-anything you wanted him to do-in exchange for a little abuse. He didn't have the money to pay, he had a large family to support, and so he did things like clean house or build bookshelves. As Merle was spending that month with me, we decided we'd call him up and give him a try. A fairly nice looking guy in his 30s, and very well mannered, he arrived with a list of suggestions of what he liked done to him. Most of the things were either boring—like using him as a chair while we watched TV—or too sickening, like forcing him to drink our urine. But we agreed to try our best.

After stripping him down to his shorts and dressing him in a black satin apron and a pair of lace panties for a hat, we gave him his list of chores and proceeded to the garden

Several hours later, after surveying his work and making him do certain things over, it was time for his reward. First we marched him into the bathroom and placed his head in the toilet where he was to wait until we were ready for him. After dressing in some of our sexiest lingerie, we brought him into the bedroom where he was put on all fours. At that we climbed aboard and rode around on him, whipping his bare ass with a leather belt and leaving bright red welts all over his back and ass. Now mind you, Merle and I had never been involved in this sort of scene before, save a few simulated bondage scenes done for films, so it was all rather experimental, not to mention comical to us. It became of grave importance that we not catch one another's eye as we might have burst into gales of laughter over being involved in such a sight. The least we could do was allow the poor guy to complete his fantasy.

Next, he was instructed to lie on the floor face up while we calmly painted lines on his stomach with our spike heels and hur-

dled a barrage of verbal insults at him. Seeing the bulge in his white Fruit-of-the-Looms, we allowed him to take out his cock and begin jerking himself off. Finally, we told him we were getting painfully bored and that if he didn't come by the count of ten he wouldn't be allowed to come at all. At nine and a half he let it out all over himself. It was amazing to us that he was able to get off without any real physical contact, save a few kisses and licks of the feet. But, as we discovered, the denial of any such contact was the epitome of abuse, causing him to feel like a worthless piece of neglected shit, and he loved it. And I loved my nice shiny clean house, complete with waxed floors, spic and span kitchen and two scrubbed bathrooms.

Moving to New York brought me more than a housecleaning slave. It also led to a fateful meeting with a new young filmmaker whom I married six months later. That year was to be my last and best year in porn. (After all, how long can you seek your fame sucking cock and screwing on yachts?) I did a few high-quality films such as October Silk, Fascination and Delicious, and climaxed my career with the making of my best endeavor yet, Blue Magic. For this film I was able to put my writing skills to use by creating and writing the script as well as acting in the starring role, while my husband, Per Sjostedt, produced and put together his first film. A turn-of-the-century sorcery piece filmed in a castle, it featured such well-known talents of erotica as Samantha Fox, Veronica Hart and Merle Michaels adorned in authentic Victorian dress all the way down to the lace pantaloons and tie-up corsets. Heralded in the reviews as one of the most beautiful erotic films ever made, it recently walked away with this year's Adult Film Critics Award for best cinematography and best art direction.

So what do I do now that I'm not out scoring superstuds or being raunched up the love canal for the edification of the jerk-off jury? Well, let's see, I write articles for magazines that want to bring their readers cheap thrills. I answer fan mail. I do an occasional appearance featuring my singing/ stripping act a la Gypsy Rose Lee-that is, when I happen to find a burlesque theater that's not really a dollar-a-lick bargain basement whorehouse run by low-life swine. But most of all, I'm returning full steam to my first love, the stage. Having started out as a professional singer and dancer in clubs and musicals, I figure learning how to use the old sex appeal is like putting the icing on the cake. Not to mention the notoriety that now follows the once innocent name of Candida Royalle.

So the next time you see my name up in lights, I may not be taking off my clothes and swinging from ceilings onto hard, throbbing cocks. But just in case things don't go as well as I'd like them to, I guess I'll always keep that old K-Y jar handy. Especially if Johnny Holmes ever gets his joint out of the joint.

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SCHOOL STATE

HE STORY BEGINS IN THE rural south of Arkansas, a blues stronghold that nurtured the likes of Howlin' Wolf and provided the best possible natural training ground for young musicians like Levon Helm, who heard all he needed to know at the local dance halls and juke joints where the music burned all night long. Helm signed on with one of those legendary knockabouts that populated the early days of rock 'n' roll, Ronnie Hawkins, a white Arkansas R&B singer whose massive physical presence and gruff, raunchily overblown singing matched his reputation as a good-timing jokester and yarn spinner.

Hawkins was a quasi-mythical figure characteristic of American frontier life, and as such was a perfect tutor for Helm. He brought Levon to Canada with him as part of the backup group he called the Hawks. Billing himself as the "King of Rockabilly," Hawkins found plenty of work, and gradually auditioned Canadian musicians to fill vacancies in the Hawks lineup until he had built the nucleus of what would later become the Band.

"Ronnie really is a great bandleader," recalls Levon Helm. "He could pick out a young musician with talent every time. I remember when he got Garth Hudson in the band, he told us, 'I found this cat who can play keyboards like you never heard,' and it didn't take long for us to know it was the truth."

The Hawks left Hawkins as a unit, returned to the States and played the juke-joint circuit themselves, changing the name to the Crackers. After knocking around for a while and making a modest impact, the group came to Bob Dylan's attention and he offered to take them on as his backup group. Dylan had made his reputation as a folk singer and saw this band as the perfect vehicle to effect the changeover to the more rock-oriented style that was on his mind.

After backing him up for a while in the States, all but Levon accompanied Dylan to England for the shows that are featured in the Don't Look Back film. In his excellent critical history of American music, Mystery Train, which features the definitive analysis of the Band's early career, Greil Marcus suggests that Helm didn't accompany Dylan to England because he was somehow piqued that his band was once again backing up someone else. Levon denies this thoroughly.

"It wasn't my band," he asserts. "I don't know whose band it ever was. The reason I didn't go to England is that I didn't like what was happening every time we played with Dylan back then. People would boo and

walk out on us when we started in after Dylan did his acoustic set. We were caught in the middle of that whole argument between folk purists and rock 'n' roll, and it wasn't any fun to play under those conditions. When you get half the people in a concert hall booing at the same time not because of the way you're playing but because of what you're playing, it can be a drag."

Levon rejoined for the series of informal sessions in Woodstock, New York, which became known as the "Basement Tapes." By this time they were maturing as writers as well as instrumentalists and it was only a matter of time before they recorded on their own. The rural atmosphere of the Catskill area in upstate New York that nurtured the songs and the spirit of Music from Big Pink and The Band, their first two albums, combined with the southern Arkansas backwoods spirit to give the Band a uniquely American perspective at a time when the dominant cultural direction of the country's psychedelic, war-torn era was to deny its heritage.

The Band dominated American music in the 1970s, with Levon's crisp, sparse drumming and rich, smoky voice leading the way, and when they finally broke up they left an impressive musical legacy. Playing his music was always more important to Helm than promoting himself, and he recalls his days with the Band philosophically. "I always thought that people treated us almost too nice," he says. "At that point in our lives I guess the Band offered people an extra option to what was going on at the time, which is why we got that kind of response. It was a good project, but I don't want to have to live in its shadow forever. I don't see why the best times aren't in front of us."

Levon sees little chance of a Band reunion. "I don't think so," he says. "That's old stuff. There are rumors that come up, but it's probably not the thing to do. If it wanted to be done it would be done. Hell, it's not over. Any time I get a chance to play with Garth Hudson I'll do it. He's one of the greatest musicians in the world. I don't have no sore bone to pick."

Helm recalls the Band's mid-'70s reunion with Dylan as a high point. "I thought it was a pretty good show. We were trying to play a genuine show. Nobody had any edge to sharpen or ax to grind. He likes to wing it and I do too. A lot of times you can do that. I liked that one."

Other live projects the Band performed, The Last Waltz film and the shows with Allen Toussaint horn arrangements recorded for Rock of Ages, were Levon's favorite Band projects. "Toussaint is another one of the world's greatest musicians," he laughs. "I had the best seat in the house for that one."

Since leaving the Band, Helm has exercised his love for live performance vigorously, touring with the RCO All Stars, which also featured Dr. John and Paul Butterfield, and playing numerous club dates with a support band of old friends from Arkansas, the Cate Brothers. Helm has also made several records, including the outstanding American Son LP, which were almost totally overlooked. In fact, the high point of his post-Band career was his first role as an actor in the film Coal Miner's Daughter.

"That's a hard way to look at it but it's damn close," Helm admits. "I met people through that movie that never knew I was a musician. They thought I grew up in Hollywood."

A big reason for Helm's solo failure was that his record company, ABC, went out of business and he became lost in the shuffle when MCA picked up his contract. "You can get snakebit by a lot of different things," he explains. "There was not enough help in the right spots. Then, there was not enough trust on my part. I can't look at it any other way. I'm still in the ball game. No use thinking about times in the past when I didn't score.

"From my side," he points out, "it's been a score. I don't have to swallow my pride to play the Lone Star Cafe. From my side of it it's been the same since the early part of my life. I'm still learning and trying to transform musical sounds for people. What does bother me is I get tired of people telling me what I can and can't do. I don't stick around to hear explanations from the record company-I'd have lost my chili. When people start throwin' down beer bottles, I'll quit. There was so much no-man's-land, a lot of people thought the easiest thing to do would be to stretch out to movieland. But I like to play and I've been working to keep them bottles on the tables. I don't need anybody to tell me what to do."

One of the great disappointments for Helm and his fans was the poor showing mustered by the potentially great RCO All Stars. "It was a good idea that wouldn't

TIIS IIS by John Swenson



"The Band was a good project, but I don't want to live in its shadow forever."

quite fly," Helm explains. "Everybody had their own schedule and management. The thing never could roll strong enough for long enough to get off the ground."

Now Helm is part of another All Star aggregation, the Muscle Shoals All Stars, and the prospects that this band will work out are tremendous. These All Stars match Levon with Russell Smith of the now defunct Amazing Rhythm Aces, plus ex-Aces keyboardist James Hooker, as well as Mike Chapman on bass, Milton Sledge on drums and the excellent saxophonist/keyboardist Randall Bramblett. "Everybody is gonna be Indians this time," laughs Helm. "No chiefs."

Both Helm and Smith have recently completed fine solo albums at Muscle Shoals. "It was a great dose of tonic for me," says Levon of his experience there. "They really have the equipment and the know-how down here. There's no distractions here; it's a pretty place with a lot of water, mountains, nice people and a lot of good food. I just tried to do my job and make my producer Jimmy Johnson's job easier."

The Amazing Rhythm Aces were stablemates with Helm at ABC and suffered a similar fate, so it's fitting that Smith and Helm should unite for this project. Smith shares Helm's feelings about their former label. "I don't think they knew what to do with either one of us," he says. "We were shunted around like stepchildren. With the Aces it got to be almost funny. It seemed that every time we released a record the company's president got fired. It was always wait until the next time."

The Muscle Shoals All Stars planned a brief tour, a videotape recording of their show, but nothing specific beyond that. "Like Levon says, we're not getting married," explains Smith. "We might get it going again in the fall."

As for Levon, like always he's taking it one step at a time. "We want to have fun," he concludes, "and if it's no fun we won't be with it long."

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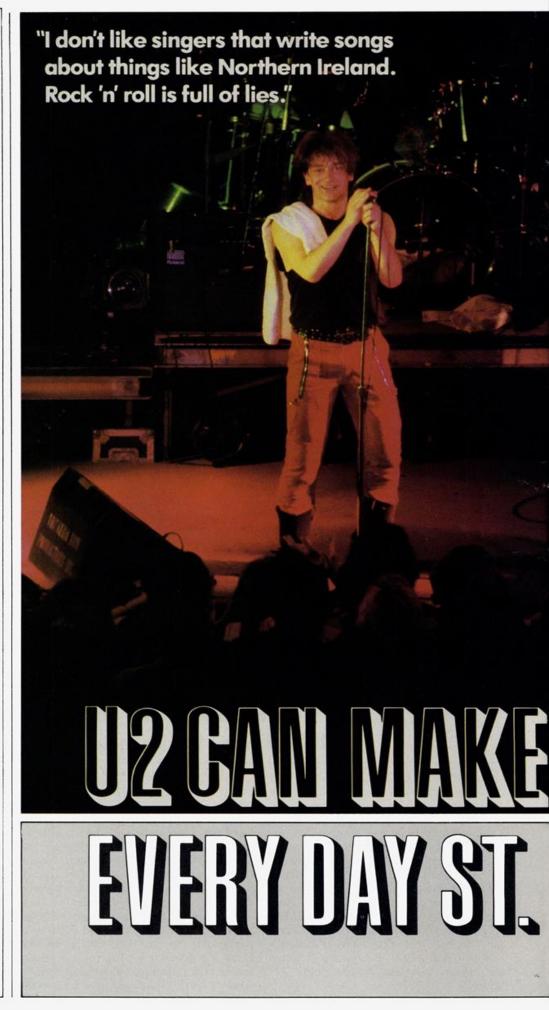
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GOUNTRE

NOTHER YEAR HAS PASSED and once again I've managed to live through St. Patrick's Day, the Yankee Mardi Gras that always has more than its share of hell-raising moments. Having plotted out a potential parade route of my own up Eighth Avenue several weeks before, I was well armed for the marathon festivities. Scheduling began going awry, though, when certain associates planned a morning raid on McSorley's Old Ale House, a plan guaranteed to make one unconscious by lunchtime-which would have been pretty bad since I needed the legs to make it over to a lower Manhattan club around midnight for a glimpse of Ireland's top rockers, U2.

The parade looked a lot safer through the medium of television with Capt. Jack Mc-Carthy of Popeye fame doing the play-by-play, but I kept wishing they'd show some close-ups of Parade's End on 86th Street to see the results of stated police action determined to lower the boom on the drunken revelers who traditionally carpet the streets surrounding the latter stages of the march. Puke and spilled drinks are usually the order of the day in this section, a fact which prompted Catholic officials this year to do away with the traditional school holiday for marchers and underaged revelers.

Indeed, a pair of cops stalked each corner around the parade route, ticketing anyone carrying an open beer or conspicuously smoking joints. A visit to Mulligan's on Sixth Avenue was dispiriting in that their pints of Guinness were served up in plastic glasses and hiked 50 percent in price. At another joint crowded with postparade firemen I found myself staring at the glowing purple jukebox, listening to Paul McCartney's "Give Ireland Back to the Irish," which made me think about George the bartender's theories about "Gaelic rock," a phrase he snuck in unexpectedly around last-call one night. George was on about Lennon, McCartney, Badfinger, Rod Stewart, Humble Pie, Horslips, Rory Gallagher and a handful of traditional Irish acoustic bands which he swore were responsible for everything from delta blues to the Grateful

Dead. The list has continued over the years to include such punk/new-wave outfits as the Police, the Boomtown Rats, the Undertones and the Virgin Prunes.

For my money, though, U2 is the best Irish news since those snakes left, if they were ever there to begin with. A fierce desire to see them propelled me through mediocre hour, and I found myself at the club watching a group of Irish pipers attempting to warm up the fishy crew of preening onlookers; but the boys met with little cheer and the only response followed their departure from the stage, when the Talking Heads videos resumed. But U2 was not going to play to a morgue, and they came storming out with a vengeance, blasting through the set-opening "Gloria," which also kicks off their second album, October. Throughout the night, other stompers like "I Will Follow," "Out of Control," "Rejoice," "Fire" and "Tomorrow" kept the crowd on its toes.

The band's energy and control of live dynamics is truly formidable. No punk group has ever kicked harder, but U2 plays with a virtuosity and intelligence that gives their musical teeth something to chew on.

In fact, U2 was formed during the heyday of the 1976 punk explosion in the British Isles. "The ethic of '76," says lead singer Bono Hewson, "which I really believed in, was the realism, the passion." But U2 knew they wanted to be different from day one. "We weren't a punk band," insists Hewson. "We were loud and aggressive, so people said, 'Yeah, a punk band,' but we called ourselves U2 to take ourselves out of the usual category of the Sex Pistols, the Clash, even Led Zeppelin—so that people would hear the name and say, 'What sort of a band would that be, then?"

Like so many other British groups in the past few years, U2 started out with a small-scale regional tryout, a three-track EP called U2 - 3, which quickly established the band's name in the British music press. Their debut album, Boy, separated them from the punk crowd even further, thanks to the dense, arty production by the brilliant Steve Lillywhite, who helped create the band's otherworldly sound. Few groups have ever matched such intensity with such a mystical, spacy sound. "We studied under a Renaissance music expert when we were at school," Hewson explains. "A lot of ideas must have come from that interest."

Boy was dense and challenging music

that breathed fresh life into a stagnant music scene; U2 was quickly recognized as the wave of the future. By the time they made October, however, the band had displayed such a maturation since their first work that it's impossible to tell just how far they might be able to progress. It's as if they're coining a whole new, dramatically personal approach to rock as they go along. "Gloria" and "Rejoice" seem to explode into religious mysticism as they reach their musical peaks, and Lillywhite's production deftly captures this amazing transformation.

"I don't like singers that write songs about things," says Hewson in explanation of his particular style. "You know, like 'Let's write a song about Northern Ireland.' I don't like music that leaves out that emotion, that truth that makes music great for me. I'm interested in people. Music should communicate what's going on in a person's life. Great music is like meeting somebody—you learn from them, and if you don't, if they put up a veneer, a gloss, superstar tripe, I don't want to hear that. Rock 'n' roll is full of lies."

Two of Hewson's favorite writers are the late John Lennon and the early Bob Dylan. "You can tell what Lennon is going through just by looking at his material," he points out, "and Dylan will not compromise, he just writes about what's going on in his head."

Hewson is dead earnest about trying to do something different in a rock 'n' roll format. "We're pretty good at avoiding packages," he says, "be they punk packages or art packages or whatever. We're just U2. Our music goes beyond a given boundary."

Interestingly enough, punk rock is one genre he's particularly upset with. "I think punk rock may have left a bad taste in people's mouths," Hewson argues. "The fact that the Sex Pistols turned out to be an idea rather than a real band—and they were an idea, they were part of Malcolm McLaren and not that into what they were doing—combined with a trendiness and fadism that is associated with modern music—I think it made a lot of people nervous."

Hewson goes on to accuse punk rockers of becoming what they set out to destroy. "The bands now seem more posed and are more star-oriented than the bands people tried to tear down in '76."

For U2, cheap nihilism is hardly the answer. Hewson has seen too many self-serving rock politicians using the stage as their soapbox. He's a writer with a sense of purpose, to be sure, but it's a romantic, humanistic vision that inspires him. "Lots of people want us to be mouthpieces for different things, but I figure I can only be a mouthpiece for myself. It is saddening, though, the things that are going on in my country. Fifteen miles from where I walk the dog there is craziness and murder being committed in the name of God. It's bad—very, very bad. It makes no sense to me."

–John Swenson □

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"BROKEN ENGLISH"

by Eleanore Kennedy



OW'S THIS FOR A MOVIE SCENARIO? A ROMANCE BETWEEN A WOMAN NAMED Sarah and a Senegalese gunrunner named Maas—an interracial love affair at that. This liaison takes place against the backdrop of the struggle of African liberation forces in Namibia, a uranium-rich nation that until 1966 was under the trusteeship of reactionary South Africa. A perfect setting to examine the impact of revolutionary politics on private lives.

Not your typical Pollyanna Hollywood fare. But Bert Schneider is not your typical Hollywood producer. He was responsible for *Easy Rider, Days of Heaven* and the Academy Award-winning *Hearts and Minds*, all iconoclastic productions. With *Broken English*, Bert has paved the way for writer-director Michie Gleason's feature-film debut.

HIGH TIMES recently lunched with Michie as she elaborated on the contradictions of trying to get a radical film released in the United States. As we go to press, *Broken English* is still being held up by its American distributor. Also present at the interview was Bernardine Dohrn, a political activist and mother who spent 11 years underground as an antiwar fugitive and a fixture on the FBI's ten-most-wanted list.

HIGH TIMES: What are your goals as a woman filmmaker?

GLEASON: I hope that some of the characters in *Broken English* contradict stereotypes we've all been raised with and too easily accept—that's something I'd like to keep striving for in movies. And I would like to continue to raise issues and deal with conflicts ignored by the establishment movie industry. Malcolm X once said that we have to launch a cultural revolution to unbrainwash an entire people, and I guess I would say that I want to do my part. I'd also like to make a lot of money.

DOHRN: It's interesting to me that a lot of important views of America really go outside in order to look inside. What did you intend for the viewer to learn?

GLEASON: First of all, I wanted to catch a young American in her first contact with a Third World culture. We can be so insulated here that that can be a momentous and maybe shocking meeting. I chose Paris for this love story because it is a major cultural

crossroads; and from a practical point of view, I know it well. When I lived there as a student in the early '70s, I knew African students for the first time.

While I was at UCLA I worked on two films of the Ethiopian director Haile Gerima: Harvest 3000 Years and Bush Mama, and during that time I became more and more familiar with the negative role models that Third World people face on the screen. Certainly that's been a problem for women too. I had met so many impressive people and I wanted to put those kinds of characters in a movie. It wasn't a case of black men versus white men. The leading man is African, and so are his friends.

DOHRN: When I saw the film, I thought of a quote from Amilcar Cabral, about how in the modern world you don't have to be a revolutionary; it's enough to be honest.

GLEASON: That's a good way of putting it. One understanding that Sarah came to by the end of the film was that, despite the depth of her love for Maas, there were historical circumstances which made it impossible for them to be together at that point in time. For me, that's a key realization: that there are times when the demands of political/historical situations take precedence over our needs and desires as individuals.

DOHRN: I thought the ending was very powerful. It was good to see the woman in the major role at the point of action.

GLEASON: Sarah was open throughout the film, and then at the end made her own decision to take those papers back to New York. She did it because she felt it was right. Now when she comes back to New York I don't know what's going to happen. She won't necessarily become a daily "activist," but she's a changed person.

DOHRN: Well, she really comes alive in the end, which seems to me also true about life. People change in a moment of actually acting.

GLEASON: We all changed through the act of making this film. We shot it in sequence, which you don't usually get to do. In fact, I was really lucky to be able to do that.

DOHRN: Did you learn about SWAPO [South-West African People's Organization] during the filming?

GLEASON: I was familiar with SWAPO before we started and that's why I chose it. Bert and I felt that if Maas were going to be running guns, it should be for the country with a primary struggle. Namibia is an example of the most extreme colonial situation you could get, and its struggle has actually come to the forefront in this country right now. After the recent bombing of a Namibian refugee camp by the South African army, the United Nations sought to censure South Africa, but the United States cast the only veto. It's outrageous.

DOHRN: Did you have trouble filming in Dakar?

GLEASON: Only when filming the jailbreak. The government there is afraid of ridicule, so they are very strict. We had a sign outside of our set which said CENTRAL PRISON OF DAKAR, and we would shoot a take, then run out and take away the sign, then bring it out again just as the camera was about to roll.

DOHRN: What do you feel was the most satisfying thing about making this film?

GLEASON: It was a chance to synthesize some of my thoughts and experiences of the last thirty years. Despite the pressures, that's been a very satisfying experience, and it's not an opportunity you get too often.

DOHRN: It is rare, isn't it, when you think of



HOLLYWOOD'S RELUCTANT TO GIVE WOMEN POWER. AND A LOT OF WOMEN ARE AFRAID TO TAKE IT, TOO.

the number of women who've been able to write and direct a film.

GLEASON: Yes, and on Broken English-kind of material besides. I don't think that anyone besides Bert Schneider would have been able to imagine doing something like this. HIGH TIMES: One of the goals you must have had was to try to get your political vision to be seen by as many people as you possibly could, and I suppose there is an inherent contradiction between that which Hollywood generally promotes and that which is politically progressive. Were you able to move without compromise, or did you have to compromise for commercial value?

GLEASON: Certainly I compromised, but not, finally, in negative ways. Bert and I compromised a lot, but our goal, as you say, was to make the most accessible film that we could, dealing with these issues. Bert has had a lot of commercial success with his movies. He's also made form-breaking movies, which I must say is more the road I would take. We collaborated to do this film, each from our separate backgrounds, and sometimes it was hard. I would take a certain position, for example, which I felt was essential to my vision, and he might see that as a position which would put the film down the toilet. That's always a tough situation to work through, but we did it.

HIGH TIMES: What did you hope to accomplish with the two sex scenes?

GLEASON: To open doors to different possibilities, to weave sexuality through the natural course of a political story, to show tender, caring sexuality between two people...

HIGH TIMES: Was there a Hollywood push to include more sex in the film?

GLEASON: No. I could have shot more myself, but there are so many elements, human and technical, to coordinate when you're shooting sex scenes—it's hard. You have your actors trying to get into an intimate space and someone says, "Hold it, so and so's left nipple is out of focus," and suddenly everything becomes clinical and you've got to start all over again and hope you can recover the intimacy.

HIGH TIMES: What was your intention with the scene between Sarah and Leslie? GLEASON: I didn't want the sexuality between Sarah and Leslie to compete with the sexuality between Sarah and Maas, even though it first came out after an argument between them about Sarah's relationship with Maas. Their kiss was a spontaneous expression of their feelings. Neither expected it before it happened, but when it did it was quite lovely.

HIGH TIMES: I understand that some of the representatives from the Namibia Mission to the U.N. have seen the film. Do you know what reaction they had?

GLEASON: It was real positive. They laughed in places no one had before.

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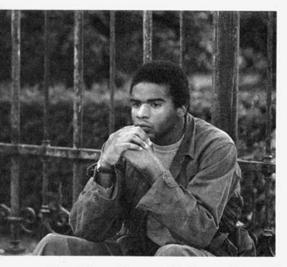
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HIGH TIMES: Do you think your film will be released?

GLEASON: Lorimar International has the foreign distribution and they've given us quite a hard time. They feel, among other things, that Broken English is a political statement and that nobody wants to see a political statement. So they've gone so far as to refuse to pay us for the movie which they contracted for. We've had to go through a trying arbitration over the whole thing, and we're currently awaiting a decision from the arbitrator as to whether or not they have to pay us. My personal feeling about it, now that case has been presented, is that I would be astonished if the decision does not go in our favor. But anyway, it's another example of the difficulties you face trying to do this kind of a film.

HIGH TIMES: If, assuming for the moment, Lorimar shelves the film, I assume your view would be that it was shelved because of its subject.

GLEASON: Yes.

HIGH TIMES: Knowing now that they have prevented you from reaching the audience you were trying to reach, would you make the film differently in order to try to slip through whatever crack those reactionaries leave in the floor?

GLEASON: They haven't prevented us yet, but if that turns out to be the case I would not say that I would change it based on their reactions. Based on what I've learned as a filmmaker through just doing it, and through viewer feedback, however, I would do many things differently—but next time, in the next film.

DOHRN: Don't you think it's amazing that probably no other country in the world has this view that political statements are uninteresting?

GLEASON: I know. Another thing that this film came out of is my frustration at how provincial Americans are as far as what's going on in the world.

DOHRN: You've been working on this for a long time.

GLEASON: Three years.

DOHRN: What will you do now?

GLEASON: Get high for a while—then I'll start writing again. I have a new script I'm

writing.

HIGH TIMES: Why is it so rare in Hollywood for a woman to write and direct her own film?

GLEASON: I guess because of the amount of money involved. And directing (everything in the movie business has a sports metaphor) is a quarterback position and therefore one of the last mystiques.

HIGH TIMES: They're not ready for women quarterbacks.

GLEASON: Yeah—they're reluctant to give you that power. And a lot of women are afraid to take it, too. Because the structure here is so tight, you're never going to have had that much experience, so when the chance comes to direct, you just have to go to that place: trial by fire. It's scary. And what if you fail? You'll ruin it for everybody. What if you succeed? Will men like you anymore? I could compare the feeling to jumping off a cliff.

And I'm sure it's been hard for Bert to have produced this woman's/women's film. I know some of his colleagues have raised their eyebrows, said it's not commercial, it's not this, it's not that. Some of them probably think he's lost his mind. To support this kind of film is not a popular stand. HIGH TIMES: Hearts and Minds was not a popular stand either.

GLEASON: That's true. He's taken tough stands before. He's also married to a strong woman, Greta Ronningen, who played the part of Leslie and also was a strong supporter of the film.

HIGH TIMES: Tell us a bit about your background and how you got into filmmaking and into political activism.

GLEASON: As a teenager in Virginia I participated in civil-rights rallies, as a college student I marched in mass antiwar demonstrations, participated in teach-ins, the student strike in 1970, lying down in front of Westover Air Force Base, things like that.

DOHRN: Simple things like that.

GLEASON: Well, I was never an activist in the sense that I think you are. You were out there in a much riskier way—our admired role models.

A year after that big student strike I went to France and started studying film at the University of Paris. I had my first exposure to Marxist analysis of American films, from Sunset Boulevard to Easy Rider. Then I came back and did a master's degree in film production at UCLA. Third World films became an important influence, in terms of form and content. Did you ever see Hour of the Furnaces?

DOHRN: No.

GLEASON: It's good.

DOHRN: You see, when we were underground we only went to films that showed at big theaters. I missed ten years of great films.

GLEASON: Well, we should have a little festival for Bernardine—all the good films you missed! \square

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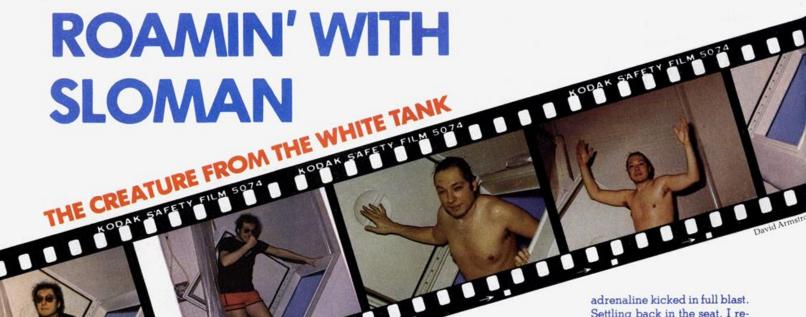
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Why me? Why not Barkin, that walkin' talkin' bundle of associate-editor neuroses. Or Barone, our art director, a prime candidate for a little metaphysical centering. Or even, God knows, Latimer, Mr. Sordid Affairs himself. Ol' Dean could definitely use a little introduction to a tank full of water, even if it was chock-full of Epsom salts.

But they wanted me to take the plunge. Float around for an hour in an isolation tank, doing the Lilly Altered States number, confronting my editoressence in the total sensory-deprivation environs of the tank. Surely the experience would change me, they thought. No more compulsive phone work. no more shrill bellowing of commands around the office. no more cigar-saturated editorial conferences. Perhaps I'd develop a taste for herbal tea. they figured. "Maybe we'll get lucky," my secretary, Marsha the Mouth, wished as I took off. "Maybe he'll drown."

Well, you can't. The 800 pounds of Epsom salts in the ten inches of water takes care of that possibility. That was the first thing Tod Frueh assured me as he ran down some pretank procedures. Tod runs Tranquility Tanks, located on Fifth Avenue in New York, and he's a real nice chap—a little on the laid-back Esalen axis, but then we can't all be Type A aggressive heart-attack candidates.

Tod left me and I stripped, showered and entered the tank. It was eerie at first, climbing into the coffinlike enclosure and shutting off all sound and light. Lying down, face up, with my arms behind my head. I floated.

For the first 15 minutes I failed to catch a glimpse of Godhead. Mostly I sussed out my new environment, much as a little cat might do on its first day home. I floated till I hit the sides. I lifted my arms and changed my trajectory, I splashed around a little. The next 15 minutes I thought about sex. The tank was certainly big enough for two, and the warm, damp medicinal smell was strangely erotic. I began to click into some sexual fantasies but then I forced myself into some other thoughts, evidence of a heightened social consciousness since they don't clean out the tank between floaters.

It wasn't until the waning minutes of the hour that it got cosmic. I suddenly lost track of my linear thinking and I entered a strange half-sleep. I felt incredibly secure and blissful (can I really be writing these words?), a grinning disembodied ball of primal energy. Just then, Tod's rap on the side of the tank shocked me back into body-consciousness.

Time was up. But the most intense experience was leaving the tank. I sat up in the darkness, squooshed over to the hatch and slowly pushed it open. Getting up, the shock of gravity hit me as if for the first time. Suddenly I recapitulated the ascent of man. Up from the slime.

Getting dressed, I felt serene and rested. I wasn't about to start eating avocados, but I kind of relished the sensuous feeling that made walking seem a new experience. Lounging luxuriously in back of a Checker cab on my way back to the office. I decided to do this more often. Just as I was deciding that, a late-model Ford in front of us braked suddenly and offered the Checker anal insertion. Lucky for us, my driver had razor-sharp reflexes. Lucky for me, the protective shield was padded. Picking myself off the floor, my

adrenaline kicked in full blast. Settling back in the seat, I realized that wasn't such a bad feeling either, as I reached for a cigar.

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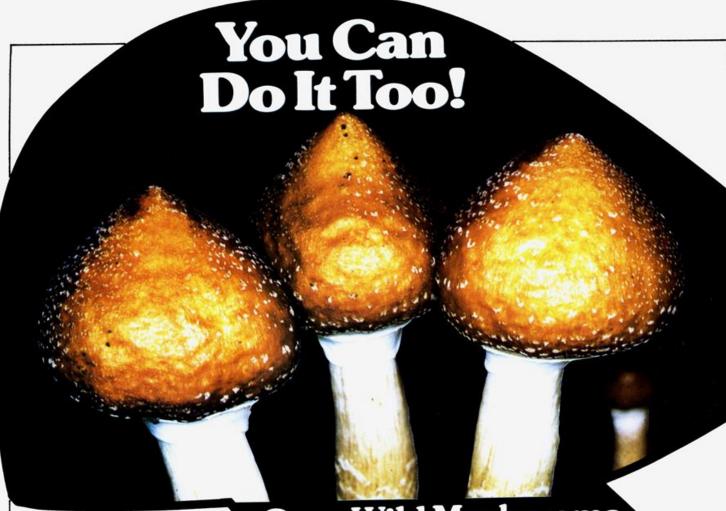
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